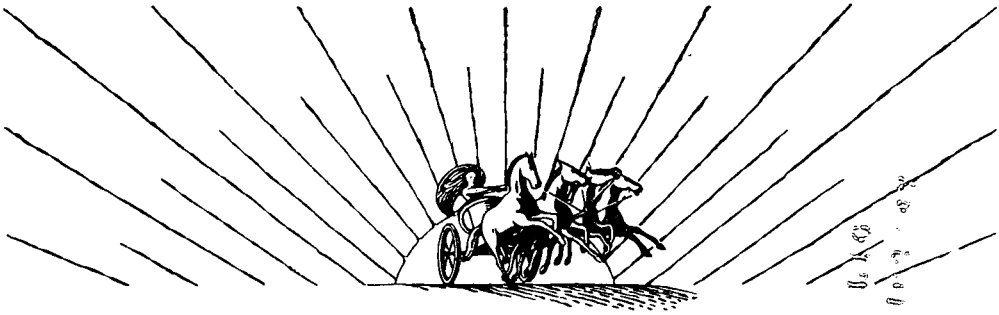

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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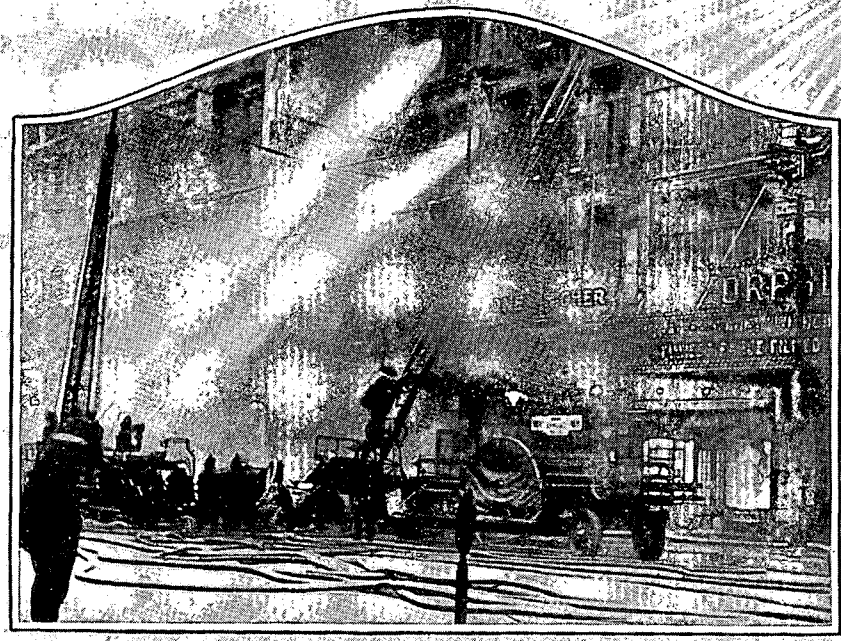

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

May 8, 1926

A SACRIFICED GENERATION. What evils does the author find in the life of the present generation of Chinese students? To what causes does he attribute them? Summarize his account of the attitude taken toward Chinese students who have been abroad. Discuss the influence of Moscow in Chinese student life.

HOW EUROPE TOOK WASHINGTON'S ADMONITION. (I) Tell what you know of the situation behind these articles. How does this writer account for America's hostility to France? Criticize his defense of French policy. (II) Explain: 'Wilson's Fourteen Points.' What is the appropriateness of the reference here? Define this writer's view of the Houghton Report.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT. Locate: Omsk, Irkutsk, Trans-Amur, Cheliabinsk, Manchuria Station, Yokohama. Tell what you know of the historical background of 'Plot and Counterplot.' Discuss the procedure of the author in obtaining information about Siraisi. Why should Koreans be easily mistaken for Japanese?

THE BOOKS OF MY YOUTH. Report on what you can learn from investigation about the author and his achievements. Identify: (1) Captain Mayne Reid; (2) *Sandford and Merton;* (3) *The Lay of the Last Minstrel;* (4) Samuel Smiles; (5) John Tyndall; (6) Thomas Huxley; (7) Charles Kingsley. Write on 'Books that Have Influenced Me.'

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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NEXT WEEK

FOREIGN SCHOOLS IN TURKEY

By a Local Correspondent

Among the innovations sponsored by the new Turkish Government, a change in the national educational policy is not the least important or the least significant to foreigners — including Americans. According to a German journalist, the new shoes are pinching painfully here and there.

A DECADE OF IRELAND

By Stephen Gwynn

Just a decade has passed since the bloody Easter Week of 1916 ushered in a new chapter in the unhappy story of Ireland. An eminent Irish journalist casts the balance for the period that has ensued.

THE DEATH OF THE FOREST

By Wladislaw Reymont

Poland lost two of her greatest men of letters during a single month last winter in the deaths of Zeromski and Reymont. The latter of the two, having received the Nobel Prize in 1924, was much the more widely known. This sketch of peasant life gives a good notion of his powers of reticent realism.

A SOUTH PACIFIC POTSDAM

By Arnold Höllriegel

It is not only in European palaces that the prerogatives of royalty are jealously guarded and the regal gesture cultivated. According to a German traveler's account, the first families of the Fiji Islands have their own pride of place.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *MAY 8, 1926* — NO. 4270

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ARE WE LENDING RECKLESSLY?

THE London *Statist* recently called the roll of defaulting States and Governments, and the list is an imposing one. It is headed by Russia, which owes in principal and interest between twelve and thirteen billion dollars. Eight of our own States are in total default upon certain issues of their bonds, which some of them have repudiated outright. The principal thus outstanding totals about seventy-five million dollars, with from fifty to eighty years' interest in arrears. This is exclusive, of course, of debts contracted by the Confederacy or by the Confederate States during the period of secession, which are recognized as outlawed. Latin America follows, though with relatively fewer delinquencies. Most of the debt of Honduras has been written off the books of her creditors. Ecuador has not paid anything on account of a mortgage of over ten million dollars on the Guayaquil and Quito Railway, which is now thirteen years overdue. The Argentine province of Corrientes is in total default, and the State of Pará in Brazil has not kept up its payment on debts of nearly fifteen million dollars. Mexico, of course, is temporarily in default for very large sums.

China, which had a long record of solvency and honorable dealing prior to her revolutionary disturbances, is not paying interest on over seventy-five million dollars of external loans, and it is generally assumed that she will default on some fifteen million dollars additional the present year. Most of these loans are upon railways and are guaranteed as to principal and interest by her Government. Egypt is withholding payment on something like seventy million dollars, while New Turkey has practically repudiated the borrowings of the old Ottoman Empire.

The *Irish Statesman* discusses this question from another angle. It foresees a serious problem if financiers, whether British or American, continue to lend millions of dollars to local borrowers in debtor countries whose Governments are already overburdened with obligations toward the Government of the lender's country. 'Financiers in the United States, for example, have lent over two hundred millions in

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the form of private loans to Germany. Italy has also been the recipient of very large loans. Now, if we have a number of creditor States demanding interest on their loans, while private corporations at the same time vastly increase their advances, there may come a time when the profits on the international trade of the debtor country will not be sufficient to pay both. Will the creditor State then veto other private advances of its own citizens to the country that is already indebted to it? Will the State regard these private advances by financiers as in the nature of a second mortgage on a property already, in its opinion, mortgaged to its full value? Will it insist on the interest due to its own Government coming first? Or will the multitude of private corporations begin an agitation to have the debt owed to their State remitted so that the interest on their own loans may continue to be paid punctually? We are sure there will arise a conflict of interests between the two kinds of creditors, and we have not the least idea which interest will win. We are quite sure that some European countries owe more than they can ever pay, between their public and their private debts to foreign countries, and in the final, inevitable composition with their creditors we wonder whether the State that holds the first mortgage, or the private financiers who hold the second mortgage, will come out best.'

✽

A ROMAN COBWEB

THIS word seems not inaptly to describe the fragile diplomatic network being spun around the littoral of the Eastern Mediterranean. The cobweb's centre is Rome, but it has points of attachment in every Balkan capital as well as in Berlin, Paris, and even London. Three principal components constitute the background of the pattern — Fascism's imperial ambitions, Austro-German union, and a Balkan Locarno. The imperial ambitions of New Italy are not inspired entirely by Fascist fervor; they respond to her urgent need of an outlet for her surplus population, and of raw materials and markets to employ her workers at home. Excluded from the most promising parts of Africa by France and England, who are an indivisible unit when their interests in that quarter are threatened, Italy's present vista of expansion opens toward Asia Minor. This explains the naval and military preparations she is making in Rhodes and Leros for eventually resuming occupation of Adalia and its hinterland. She is supposed to have secured from Mr. Chamberlain, during his conference with Mussolini at Rapallo, a promise of Great Britain's benevolent neutrality toward such a move, in return for supporting England in the Mosul controversy. Italy can play a game in the Levant that she cannot in North Africa, because in Eastern Asia England and France do not march in step.

Their common desire for territorial expansion creates an instinctive understanding between Italy and Germany, which may prove a permanent factor in European politics. It is significant that *Rassegna Italiana*, an assertive champion of Mussolini, has suddenly reversed its attitude toward Germany, as has the whole official press of Italy, and now says of that country: 'Her fate is closely allied with ours, and whatever harms us will harm her whenever it benefits Governments whose first thought is to preserve the gigantic territorial booty they seized during the World War — whenever we confront nations controlling fertile and populous colonies, ample outlets for their merchandise, and great commercial highways by land and sea.'

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Austro-German union has many ramifications. According to current gossip in Rome, the Vatican disapproved it as long as there was hope of restoring the Hapsburgs. Of late, however, the Austrian Clericals, who hitherto have opposed closer relations with Berlin, have reversed their attitude and now favor joining Germany. This *volte-face* is said to have been inspired by Rome; for, with Austria inside the Reich, the Catholic population of the latter country would be large enough to give its voters the balance of power and perhaps to range New Germany in the ranks of Roman Catholic States. On the other hand, that prospect has cooled enthusiasm for this measure among nationalist Pan-Germans in the Protestant section of the country. Simultaneously industrial Germany's interest in political association with Austria has waned with the growing conviction that the latter country would add nothing to — in fact, would detract from — Germany's economic strength, and that the union of the two countries might invite troublesome political controversies with the Balkans and Italy that would be 'bad for business.'

The proposed Balkan Locarno involves directly Yugoslavia, Greece, and Bulgaria; but indirectly, if carried out as suggested, it would make Italy the big brother of the Little Entente and to some extent elbow France out of that position. The negotiations early this spring are said to have contemplated liberal Greek concessions to Yugoslavia at Saloniki that would give the latter a satisfactory outlook on the Ægean, though of course without actual sovereignty of that port. This would make Yugoslavia face eastward commercially, and would leave Italy a free hand in the Adriatic. Bulgaria would also have a restored outlet to the Ægean, — it is not specified at what country's expense, — and would cooperate with her eastern and southern neighbors in a common Balkan policy. Greece would receive as compensation for her Saloniki concessions a guaranty of Italy's support for her territorial ambitions in Asia Minor, particularly at Smyrna.

Of course, these plans are directed against Turkey, although Italy has played with the idea of acquiring the Syrian mandate from France should a favorable opportunity offer. Angora is on her guard, however, and has reinsured herself at Moscow against an attack upon her territorial integrity. France sympathizes with Turkey, while England, with the Mosul issue still in mind, regards benignantly the rival combination.

But the picture shifts even as we gaze at it. Pašič's Yugoslav Cabinet has fallen, partly on account of Radič's furious denunciation of the suspected willingness of Foreign Minister Ninčič to sacrifice the interests of the Adriatic Slavs to Serb ambitions in Macedonia, which look toward the Ægean. The Croat leader argued that Yugoslavia has nearly four hundred miles of coast on the Adriatic and not a mile of coast on the Ægean, and that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Since the completion of the Lika Railroad, which gives Yugoslavia a western outlet at her own port of Spalato on the Adriatic, that town has experienced a great revival. Nearly two million tons of merchandise crossed its wharves last year, or six times as much as was landed in Fiume. Furthermore, General Pangalos, whose election as President is due to the acquiescence rather than the active support of his people, shares the shrewd trading instinct of his race and may close a better bargain elsewhere whenever he thinks it will strengthen his popularity at home. Whatever the outcome, — if the word outcome can be applied to any phase of

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this rapidly shifting panorama, — it will not be cut and dried.

*

CHINA'S ENTANGLEMENTS

If we are to believe the West European press, which is constitutionally nervous about China, the Celestial Republic is entangled in a far-flung net of Soviet diplomacy and intrigue extending from Canton in the South and Kalgan in the Northwest to Harbin in Manchuria. Since Sun Yat-sen's death Canton has been one of the most governed, if not the best governed, communities in the world; for it has had six or seven coexisting sets of authorities — a municipal government, a provincial government, a national government, — which hopes ultimately to extend its jurisdiction over all China, — a strike committee, the political bureau of the Kuomingtang or National Party founded by Dr. Sun, a delegation of Russian advisers from Moscow, and more recently its own local tuchun, Chiang Kai-shek. This conglomeration of authorities refuses to recognize the Peking Government, except under the compulsion of foreign warships in respect to the Customs Administration. Kalgan, as we all know, is the headquarters of the Christian General, although that illusive commander was at last account in Urga, the Mongolian capital close to the Siberian border. At Harbin Mr. Ivanoff, the Soviet manager of the Chinese Eastern Railway, holds the fort for Moscow.

At each of these strategic points China is putting up a vigorous fight against alleged usurpations of the Western Powers. In the South she has boycotted British goods and severed all connection with Hongkong since the participants in a parade were mowed down with machine-guns fired from the fortified foreign settlement at Canton last June. This indiscretion has cost Hongkong at the most conservative estimates more than one million dollars a day in trade losses during the past ten months. On the Kalgan front the contest between Nationalist China, backed by Russia, and the Chinese militarists, backed by the Western Powers, is being fought out on the battlefield — or, more accurately, by military manœuvring, for the actual fighting has not been heavy. To be sure, a number of demonstrating student patriots were shot down by the Chinese President's armed guards in Peking not long ago, to the great anger of Feng Yu-hsiang's commander in that city. But this incident is not likely for the time being to have as serious political effects as the similar episodes in Shanghai and Canton a year ago. At Harbin the opposing parties have compromised their difficulties, at least temporarily, around the directors' table. The Chinese Eastern Railway is technically owned by Russia; the country through which it passes is owned by China; and the party behind the scenes is Japan. Should there be a resort to force, Chang Tso-lin, with Japanese backing, could probably seize the line, but the Mukden tuchun has other preoccupations to the southward, and prefers to hold the balance even between the two other parties in the controversy, neither of whom he loves.

All this time the Western Powers have dealt with the Peking Government, whose jurisdiction hardly extends beyond the confines of the city, as if it really represented China. That diplomatic fiction serves a purpose. It is one that the United States above all wishes to preserve. But there are powerful interests behind a plan to deal with China on a basis of the actual situation — that is, to appoint separate diplomatic representatives to Canton, Mukden, and whatsoever other sections of the country have set up virtually in-

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dependent governments. This might be an easy way to partition China; and it might, on the other hand, shock her discordant people into belligerent unity.

A WOBBLY BALANCE

A SIGH of relief doubtless rose from the breast of every patriotic son of France, and of all her other friends and relatives, when the news arrived that Parliament had at last levied the taxes necessary to balance the Budget. This was done at a dramatic night session when the Socialists withheld their votes and let the Parties of the Centre and Moderate Left carry through a measure that provides seventeen categories of new or increased taxes. These include an addition to the income tax in the form of a poll tax ranging from forty francs — about a dollar and a quarter — a head on wage-earners with incomes of less than seven thousand francs a year, up to two per cent on incomes of over five hundred thousand francs; an extension of the sales tax to many classes of exports; a stamp tax ranging from one to three per cent on restaurant bills above twenty francs; a new tax on foreigners residing in the country, who will be required to pay into the Treasury at the end of each month a sum equal to twenty-five per cent of their rent; an increase of thirty per cent in the customs duties; an advance in the price of tobacco, which is sold by a Government monopoly; and the prospective addition of a petroleum monopoly to the list of such institutions already managed by the Government. The main thing is that the new law provides revenues theoretically adequate to meet the State's expenditures.

Nevertheless, all is not rosy yet on the French financial horizon. There is opposition at home. So substantial a paper as *Le Temps* was horrified at the implacable war against private property on which the Government and Parliament had embarked, particularly at the odious provision requiring a citizen to take his oath that he has told the truth in his income-tax return, thus rendering it impossible henceforth to defraud the revenue without also committing perjury.

But the franc continues to fall, notwithstanding Draconic legislation and the honest and patriotic efforts of public-spirited citizens to stem the tide against it. In the first place, the Budget, which has just been passed, is itself an unknown quantity. It was drafted when the franc was worth between five and six cents, instead of between three and four cents as at present. Since prices have risen to correspond with this fall, the old estimates are unlikely to cover expenditures.

Many obstacles stand in the way of restoring the franc to its status of even a few weeks ago, to say nothing of its par before the war. Great industrial interests, especially those that are supplying foreign markets, profit by the present condition, which keeps wages at home lower than wages abroad. But what will happen when France's great population of *rentiers*, who are still living in the illusion that there will be a revalorization, discover that they have been hopelessly juggled out of five sixths or more of their capital?

No single thing, perhaps, would do more to tone up the franc than an announcement that France had concluded peace with Abd-el-Krim. Undoubtedly the Briand Cabinet is eager to come to terms with him, but its Spanish allies were for a time reluctant to do so, and announced in their official journal, *El Noticero*, early in April: 'The Spanish Government considers that the moment has not yet come for

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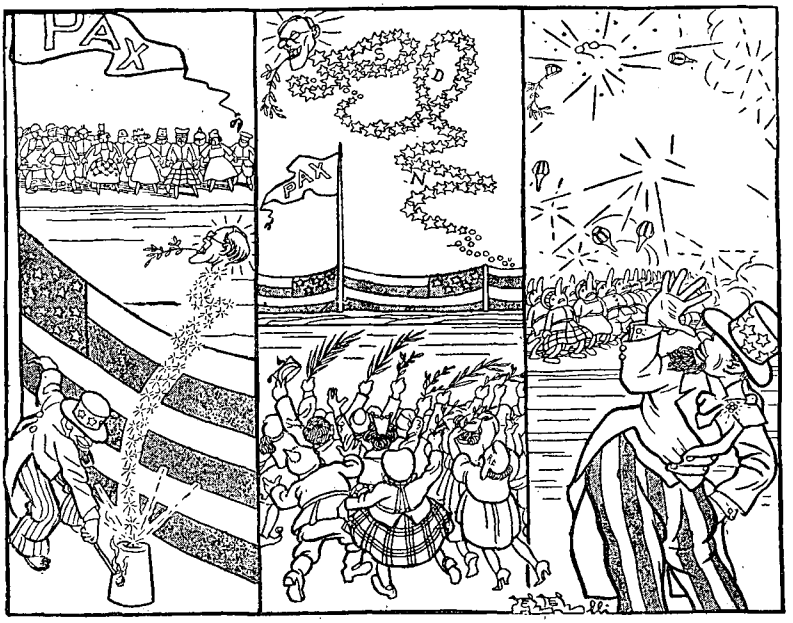
signing peace with Abd-el-Krim, whose prestige and power have not been sufficiently reduced.' Rumors of dissension between the two countries with regard to their Morocco policy have been rife for some time. Jealousy is said to exist between the French and the Spanish military leaders, and France naturally feels that she is fighting somebody else's war, since she presumably would have had no trouble with the Riffi if the Spaniards had been able to take care of their part of Morocco. Just what terms are under discussion at the moment of writing is unknown, but those originally proposed by the French and Spanish delegates included the complete submission of the Riffian and Djebbala tribes to the Sultan, an exchange of prisoners, the complete disarming of the rebel tribes, and the exiling of Abd-el-Krim from the Rif.

MINOR NOTES

THE House of Commons is now considering a Roman Catholic Relief Bill. The proposed Act leaves undisturbed the provisions of the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement, which preserve the Succession of the Crown in the Protestant line and make it impossible for a Roman Catholic to be Lord Chancellor or to occupy a benefice of the Church of England; but it repeals nine ancient Acts of Parliament, most of which have become virtually a dead letter, such as a law of Edward VI forbidding books of the Catholic ritual 'ever to be kept in this realm.' Several of these statutes contain provisions forbidding gifts or legacies to Catholic religious institutions or orders. Apparently a Roman Catholic technically violates the laws of Great Britain at the present time whenever he appears in public in the habit of a religious order.

A FASCIST IDEA OF AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE



UNCLE SAM BARNUM. 'They'll sure think it the Star of Bethlehem and not a booby-chaser.' — *Travaso*, Rome

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A SACRIFICED GENERATION[1]

CHINA'S STUDENT VICTIMS OF A HYBRID CULTURE

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

SINCE coming to China I have visited many universities, where I have been particularly interested in learning how the students live. Their lodgings form a striking contrast to the magnificent libraries, assembly halls, gymnasiums, and laboratories with which those institutions are so generously provided. The question intrudes itself, why should huge sums be spent for such buildings while the young people who use them must sleep and study in cramped, dark, dank, cellarlike Chinese lodgings? It is a psychological question how far the traditional low scale of living of the young Chinaman should be permitted to continue while he is surrounded by all the luxuries of a typical well-endowed American college. Moreover, when students are forced to sleep four or six together in cavelike closets so small that their beds touch each other, the effect of these confined quarters on their health must be considered. And this means more than physical health alone.

No teacher with whom I have talked in China, with a single and not very convincing exception, has failed to lament the radicalism of the students — a radicalism that is not only political but also social. I do not attach much weight to all the talk about foreign influence in such matters. In China, as in other countries, such explanations are chiefly an excuse for dodging facts. One reason why these students are radical, in my opinion, is that they must live in the miserable way they do, in the cellarlike dens in which I have found them in both South and North China. Such surroundings undoubtedly influence their opinions. They live as a proletariat. What they see all around them fills them with social discontent; and it is significant that the first phase of social injustice against which they protest is bad housing. To make matters worse, most of China's universities have been set down in the congested quarters of her great cities.

It is very interesting to call upon these students in their lodgings. I have been surprised and saddened to see how little of Old China their rooms contain. Here and there, perhaps, one sees a survival of artistic taste, such as a fairly good Chinese painting on a wall; but side by side with it invariably hangs one of those impossible, tasteless European color prints with which the Commercial Press of Shanghai, a Chinese firm which does remarkably fine press work, has flooded the whole country. Old standards have been undermined — hopelessly so in the conscious life of these young men. They have lost touch with their ancient culture, and they have not gained a real touch with the new culture they seek. They waver between the two, and none of these sixteen- and twenty-

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *March 26*

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year-old boys will ever get a solid intellectual footing in the world.

Every student I have visited has had a little shelf of books in his room — half of them textbooks, half books selected to suit his personal taste. I have been struck by the amount of English as well as Chinese poetry, and of English history, these young men read. American works are not as common as one would expect from America's influence here. And then photographs — one or more sweethearts, and pictures of friends. It seems to be bad form to display photographs of one's parents or relatives; they are never visible. Then there will be a number of little trifles and curios, practically all from some other country — oftentimes views of great European and American cities. Over one student's bed I saw hanging pictures of Western statesmen from Cæsar to Lincoln and Bismarck. A few suggestions of American college life — bright-colored caps and sweaters — are generally lying about. And then a very striking thing, sometimes vehemently denied by their teachers: over every third bed, on an average, hangs a picture of Sun Yat-sen, and over every fourth bed, I should say, a picture of Lenin or Trotskii. Photographs of Lenin as a baby are particularly popular. So these universities, which owe their resources so largely to the munificence of the United States and Europe, face toward Moscow.

In fact, nearly all of them receive financial assistance from America, and many are entirely supported from that country. But Western culture, when transplanted to China, becomes something different from what it is in its own home. That, of course, is to be expected, but it is a fact we do not sufficiently ponder. We do not pause to consider what the result is to be if our Western lands, with America leading at a Ford-output pace, refashion thousands and thousands of the sons of this unfathomable nation into a distorted image of their own children.

Numerically, returned students from America are the predominant type among these products of export culture. They are not particularly popular either with foreigners or with their own people. America has taught them a certain theoretical knowledge, — often inadequate enough in practice, — and has given them a veneer of college spirit, and also pert manners that emphasize the difference between New York and Peking. They acquire that peculiar American push and aggressiveness that are often so disconcerting even to Europeans. Added to this is apt to be a passion for sports.

China has been appalled, moreover, to learn that her young sons, when they get back from the United States, although they have no inclination to throw bombs, are nevertheless nihilists at heart. They return convinced that their country is hopelessly behind the times, superstitious, and out of date — that as it exists to-day it should be wiped off the map. They see how incapable China is of competing with Western science and enterprise in any field of thought or action. They have absolute faith in Western ability, but rarely have they actually acquired it. They come home feeling that China is on the other side of the globe. This attitude is aggravated by the fact that the returned student's native land no longer affords him opportunities that measure up to his ambitions. He is dissatisfied. More than that, he has also had his eyes opened to the shady side of American civilization. Should he later rise to high office, as he often does just now in Peking, he is seldom a friend to the hospitable country that gave him his education, and is quite ready to pay back her favors in bad

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coin. Nevertheless, he is not happy in China.

People say that this inner contradiction is not so strong in students who have been educated in Europe, especially if they have attended institutions in small towns. The tempo of European life differs less from that of China than from that of America. Europe has more repose, more depth. The two older cultures have a quicker understanding of each other. But there is always danger that the powerful influence of the West, in whatever continent it is exerted, will estrange the young Chinaman from his native land, blind him to her real merits, and divide him against himself. No one sees these dangers more clearly than do the best native teachers in China, most of whom have acquired their education in the United States or Europe. Consequently Chinese opinion is experiencing a strong reaction against the returned student, against his type of mind — a reaction that originated among the Chinese themselves but that has the sympathy and support of many foreign teachers in this country.

As a result the conviction is rapidly growing that the modern Chinese university must not confine itself merely to familiarizing its students with Occidental thought and science, but that it must also foster a purely Chinese culture competent to criticize discriminatingly the culture of the West. A renaissance of Chinese classicism equipped with modern scientific methods is beginning. I should hasten to add that this movement is still in its initial stages; but it has indubitably begun. For example, I hear it said everywhere that young Chinamen must not be sent abroad, to Harvard or to Freiburg, until they are thoroughly grounded in modern Chinese philosophy and scholarship.

The university student who has been educated in Western schools in China presents a somewhat different problem, but one quite as difficult as that of the returned student, or even more so. While away from home, at least, the latter has not been embittered by a constant conflict between the new and the old. He has unconsciously passed from a Chinese mental and physical environment into that of the West. But the young Chinaman at home is in continuous contact with two worlds, and never for a moment can he forget the conflict between them. An American tutor in a large university supported with funds from the United States told me that his students, when they came back from vacation, were generally worn out and unfit for study until they had had time to recuperate. They had drunk too deeply during their vacation of the already unfamiliar Chinese life, with its irregular hours and its varied amusements, and they had been constantly harassed by the differences between their own new way of living and thinking and those of their families — the universal tragedy of the younger generation multiplied a hundredfold. Let me repeat, parenthetically, that the cultural traditions of this country have deep roots — far deeper in many ways than our own traditions have in us Europeans or Americans. In spite of these difficulties, however, I imagine that it is better, more natural, more wholesome, for a young Chinaman to acquire his Western education at home, without transplanting to another continent.

I have observed that the students from the warm southern provinces are more active, enterprising, and intellectual, if you will, than their northern brethren, but that they seldom have strong nerves. They are as a rule emaciated, high-strung, excitable, easily worried, and prone to discontent.

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They by no means lack self-confidence, but they seldom possess the hail-fellow-well-met self-assurance of the returned student from America. I have become acquainted with amiable, charming, alert-minded, wholesome young fellows from the interior provinces, but the great majority, except those from the North, have faces furrowed with restlessness and discontent. I recall seeing the same expression on the faces of so many students at our universities in Germany right after the war.

But these young Chinese are 'college boys,' ranging from fourteen to twenty years of age, who have acquired only a smattering of information on subjects that our maturer students at home are forced to learn deliberately and thoroughly. They come from all parts of China, sometimes from thousands of miles away. They are admitted to their schools upon examination, and, as there are accommodations for only a fourth or a fifth of the number who apply, they are mentally picked men. They must all feel, no matter how immature they may be, that they are preparing for an uncertain and ill-defined career; that they will eventually become, not Americans or Europeans, but something much more complicated and problematic. They learn more mechanically than our students do. Language is a formidable obstacle to acquiring foreign culture; for English, the vehicle through which they commonly receive it, is for them a blurred and foggy medium of thought. A German instructor in an inland university, which is struggling along with most inadequate support, told me that his students had even threatened to strike if he did not dictate his lectures to them slowly and distinctly enough to be taken down word for word, so that they could be learned by heart.

Naturally a lively fight is going on over the heads of these young people as to whether foreigners or Chinese should manage these institutions. The Chinese are slowly but steadily gaining ground. Many Americans, who outweigh all other Western nations in China both in numbers and in influence, have resigned themselves to the idea of eventually turning over their educational work to Chinese administrators. Having once adopted that idea, they are vigorously pushing it, their first step being to appoint Chinese advisory councils to assist the American college presidents. This is the programme, for example, of the huge Rockefeller Foundation. The English are much less ready to yield this point, and insist that the Chinese are not competent to educate themselves in Western fashion. But among the schools I have visited, those that seem to me the best conducted, at least so far as externals are concerned, and that have the most contented and cheerful-looking students, are those entirely under Chinese management. The number of these native schools has multiplied during the last twenty years from ten to about three thousand, and they are supported in nearly every instance by the bounty of wealthy Chinamen. They are mostly in North China, and that counts for a good deal. To be sure, Peking, with its twenty thousand students, is quite as turbulent as Shanghai with its twelve thousand, or Hankow with its numerous missionary schools, or Taiyuanfu with its model university in the remote province of Shansi with six thousand. Taiyuanfu is comparatively free from Occidental influence, but there, as elsewhere, the responsible authorities complain of the constant disturbances and the revolutionary spirit among the young men in their charge. More than one hundred thousand students are to-day receiving a Western education in

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China, and wherever I went I heard complaints of their disorderliness.

It made me indignant to hear young Chinese employees condemned by practically every European or American with whom I talked as 'stupids,' 'conceited fellows,' 'good-for-nothings,' 'insolent smarties.' In the first place, the teachers of these young people are themselves oftentimes revolutionaries and chauvinists. In the second place, we Westerners are chiefly responsible for the type of young Chinaman with whom we have to deal to-day. China has long ceased to be the paradise of the easy-going business man. Last of all, the young men of this generation feel, with some justification, that the defense of their country's autonomy and independence rests on their shoulders. No one else seems prepared to undertake it. They are the shock troops of the counterattack against foreign usurpation. When incidents occur like the tragedy in Shanghai a year ago, it is because Peking and Moscow depend on the students to defend their cause.

No wonder, then, that these young imaginations become inflamed. Neither Old China nor the Christian West has given them the moral stability and the stern lofty idealism needed in such a crisis. They are revolutionists. The profiteering spirit of the Occident, which is naturally dominant in the treaty ports, does not give them the inspiration they require. The West offers them for the most part a knowledge that sweeps them off their feet instead of strengthening and stabilizing them. What holds them fast, if they have any anchorage at all, is not our Western standards but the traditions of Old China, which themselves are melting in this flame.

Therefore to-day the youthful ideals, the deepest intellectual interests, of these young people revolve around Moscow, whose leaders have pursued a very tactful course toward nascent New China. The Soviet Government has cunningly allied itself with Chinese patriotism, which is becoming the strongest and deepest sentiment in the nation. It has hitched its wagon to this star, hoping to transform the Chinese national revolution into a social revolution. That suggestion fascinates the young Chinaman of the present generation. It gives him something definite to work for, a new world-vision to fill the vacuum that we have made by destroying his respect for and loyalty to the China of tradition without putting anything in its place.

I do not mean, of course, that every young Chinaman in the universities is a Bolshevik. Even Moscow's most enthusiastic emissaries have been brought to a halt by discovering in the very height of their propaganda that they could not foretell what their teaching would become when transmuted by the Chinese mind. Marx, whom everybody was reading three years ago, was only a passing fashion. Nevertheless, this is an absolute fact: Russia is the only country in the world that Young China, the China of to-morrow, likes — so far as it can like anything foreign; although, to be sure, this sympathy, if we can call it by that name, is but a modification of the hatred of other foreigners.

This explains, I imagine, why the students educated at home, and not the returned students, are the leaders in China to-day. The latter are apt to combine American business shrewdness with Chinese commercial keenness — not always a pleasing mixture. They cannot understand the sentiment that impelled a young patriot orator, as actually happened last summer, to bite off the end of his finger and throw it into the midst of his audience in order to show the intensity of his hatred for

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England. It leaves them, with their acquired Yankee prejudices, cold when they see dozens of their young countrymen, as happened last summer, fall into convulsions in the fury of an anti-foreign demonstration, so that several had to be carried to the hospitals for treatment. The real enthusiasts are among the home students, who resent the superior, patronizing, blasé air of their traveled colleagues. It is still a question to which the future of China belongs.

This future is the query that you read in the weary, excited, inquiring eyes of this turbulent young generation. China is creating an educated proletariat more restless and rudderless even than that of Tsarist Russia, and at the same time less controllable and more sensitive to foreign influence.

I have intentionally dwelt on the darker side of this student question, on the problem it presents to the best of the foreign and the Chinese teachers here — most of whom are noble, tireless, devoted men. The corrective forces of social self-control, which the philosophy of Confucius has drilled into this nation for untold generations, are still powerful. After all, the young Chinaman may prove readier to submit to the influence of authority than to the teachings of revolt. I believe he is easily guided if there are competent men to guide him. But China lacks a national leader; she lacks the prophet she so urgently needs. Consequently the revolutionary ferment that has germinated in the heads of these young students has spread to the farthest corners of the land, until it quivers in the nerves of every coolie. And it is more than possible that this intellectual generation, upon whom such a heavy burden has been thrust, will be sacrificed; that it will fall into the abyss between Occidental and Oriental culture; that its members will be the ritual living victims buried beneath the corner stone of New China.

MR. HOUGHTON REPORTS [1]

BY JACQUES CHASTENET

EUROPE has learned nothing since 1919. Balance-of-power ideas have as much authority there as ever. The League of Nations, instead of promoting permanent peace, has become a new Holy Alliance less efficient than the old one. Germany is still treated as an enemy country. Her Continental conquerors, in spite of their hypocritical professions, refuse to take any real step toward disarmament. France is at the head of this criminal policy. The countries of the Little Entente are simply her satellites. England's racial affinities with the United States teach her some wisdom, but her Foreign Office, controlled by political considerations in Asia, has permitted itself to be drawn into the fatal orbit of the Quai d'Orsay.

[1] From *L'Opinion* (Paris Conservative weekly), *March 27*

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This is the gist of the report that Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, is said to have submitted to his Government.

The Washington State Department has not repudiated the report itself, but has hastened to disclaim responsibility for its publication. But the Government's manner of doing so shows clearly that it fully agrees with the views of its London representative.

Illusions are dangerous. It is the Americans themselves who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing during the past few years. They still regard Continental Europe as a mob of turbulent nations, for the most part dishonest and immoral and ready to abuse the generous confidence of Uncle Sam. And in the melodrama that is being staged on this side of the 'Herring Pond,' frivolous, militaristic, atheistic, and hysterical France plays what the London *Times* graciously calls the rôle of villain.

To be sure, not every financier in Wall Street or statesman in Washington takes this extraordinarily simple view of the situation. But though such men are better informed, they are not much more favorable toward us. Yankee financiers dislike France because our failure to settle our war debts delays their plans for the economic subjugation of Europe. Yankee statesmen dislike France because the reservations that she is making in connection with the coming Disarmament Conference threaten to prevent its becoming a big advertising stunt for the Republican Party.

'But,' you will say, 'Germany and Italy are certainly as open to such criticism as is France. Why make her the scapegoat for all of Europe's iniquities?'

The answer is simple: because there are in the United States thousands of German voters and thousands of Italian voters, and practically no French voters. So American politicians can abuse France as much as they like without offending their constituents.

Besides that, we must acknowledge that our domestic politics are a disquieting mystery for transatlantic observers. They cannot believe that the French Chamber has turned out so many cabinets and rejected so many plans for restoring the finances simply because it is helpless. They refuse to believe that a legislature can be so incompetent as ours is, and consequently suspect us of plotting all sorts of dark designs and shady counsels behind the scenes. It is sometimes a misfortune to have the reputation of being intelligent.

We regret that it chances to be Mr. Houghton, the Ambassador to London, whom the American Government consults on French policies. That gentleman's big round spectacles have never beamed on Continental Europe, and our country in particular, with special benevolence. Mr. Myron Herrick, the American Ambassador at Paris, doubtless looks upon our country with more kindly as well as with keener eyes.

Yes, but although Mr. Herrick's diplomatic reputation and his great services to the Republican Party make it certain that he will remain his country's Ambassador at Paris, it is an open secret that he does not have the ear of President Coolidge, Secretary Kellogg, or the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. In the eyes of the Washington Puritans, their representative to France is tainted with Europeanism, and that is enough to discredit his advice. This is unfortunate for us, and also possibly for the United States.

Mr. Houghton, on the other hand, is *persona gratissima* at Washington. English journalists, who do their best

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to stir up hostility to France all over the world, are giving his report the utmost publicity, and are cleverly using it to vent their hostility against their own excellent Foreign Minister, Sir Austen Chamberlain. A big movement has started in England, which is not confined to the ranks of the Opposition, against that gentleman. He too is accused of being too European, and above all too pro-French. Witness the violent attacks that have just been made upon him for favoring Poland's claim to a seat in the League Council. This explains the prominent place given to Mr. Houghton's report in the English newspapers, especially to passages which describe the British Foreign Office as tied to the apron strings of France in exchange for our support in Asia.

This conspiracy of a large part of the Anglo-Saxon political world against us is most disheartening. Let us admit that we have committed serious blunders. Our diplomats have often tried to play too shrewd a game both at London and at Washington. Their petty finesse and their occasional flashes of temper have exposed them to the charge of duplicity. Errors due for the most part to the lack of a programme have been interpreted as evidences of bad faith. The mistake we made at the Washington Conference, of trying to manœuvre against the British Empire and the United States, has not been forgotten. Our evasive procrastination in regard to our debts, while perfectly legitimate when one knows all the circumstances, has sometimes taken an irritating form. Furthermore, our Parliament, our press, and our public opinion have only too often harmed the cause of France by their excessive sensitiveness and nervousness even more than have our diplomats. Therefore the suspicion that rests upon us is not entirely unjustified. The London *Times*, apparently somewhat alarmed at the effect of its bomb, has itself pointed out in a leader that France, instead of seeking a war, is obsessed by a fear of war.

Such suspicions cannot be dissipated by sentimental professions of international good-will. These only aggravate the situation. Neither can they be removed by abject surrender. That would merely subject us to contempt. The only sensible way to handle the situation is to show the Anglo-Saxon world that we are a prudent, cool-headed nation; that we want only what is reasonable, but that we want that very much. Instead of vacillating between an overbearing and a subservient diplomacy, we should pursue an even course of firmness and moderation. The Preparatory Conference on Disarmament, in which the American Government will participate in spite of its bad humor, will afford us an opportunity to do that very thing. If we succeed, we shall recover the world's good opinion; and the world's friendship will naturally follow.

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WASHINGTON'S WARNING[1]

BY MAXIMILIAN MILLER-JABUSCH

EUROPEANS sometimes imagine that, because the United States refused to join the League of Nations, she threw over Wilson's Fourteen Points. Nevertheless the latter, which Germany made the condition of her armistice offer, are still an important political force not to be overlooked in any international negotiation. Last March, while the Geneva diplomats, indulging in the worst abuses of pre-war secret diplomacy, were patching up futile private compromises in hotel chambers, they utterly forgot that in one of these points Wilson declared that the very kind of diplomacy they were practising should be abolished. Washington, however, has just recalled this truth to their attention with painful bluntness.

Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador in London, recently returned to Washington to confer with President Coolidge. He submitted to the President a comprehensive report upon the condition of Europe, the substance of which he gave to the press. This method of taking the whole world into his confidence provoked some surprise. Of course, American diplomatic practices are often unconventional. Washington has a rough and ready manner that is sometimes called 'shirt-sleeves diplomacy.' But Mr. Houghton, whom we know and esteem in Berlin, is not of the shirt-sleeves type. He is a reserved gentleman, ordinarily super-correct in matters of diplomatic propriety. That makes his action on this occasion the more surprising, for he certainly did not take it unless he believed it necessary and unless he was assured that Mr. Coolidge approved it.

His report dwells chiefly upon the subject of Wilson's second point, calling for general disarmament — which, by the way, received precious little attention at the last Geneva meeting. A preliminary conference to discuss that subject, to which both the United States and Germany have accepted invitations, was originally scheduled to meet in March, but has been adjourned until May. No one knows now whether it will ever be held. Ambassador Houghton stated positively that France, Italy, and Japan are opposed to separate negotiations over naval and land armaments. That means that they refuse to follow further along the path indicated by the Washington Conference of disappointing memory.

Probably the American Government's experience at that Conference makes it distrust the coming Geneva meeting. The Washington sessions opened with a tremendous surprise: America's delegation brushed aside all theoretical discussion and immediately proposed a practical measure that was approved unanimously although reluctantly. But the League of Nations has no such idea in mind. It proposes to discuss theories as developed in an elaborate questionnaire that promises to supply many a hard nut to crack. As if to complicate matters as much as possible, a new idea has been ad-

[1] From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *March 24*

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vanced — that of potential military strength. This means that in judging a nation's armaments we shall not confine ourselves to its appropriations for military purposes, to the strength of its land forces and its fleets, but that we shall go into all sorts of other factors — its geographical position, its natural boundaries, the character of its civilization, the number of its inhabitants, the state of its industrial development, its ability to convert peace industries into war industries, and a thousand more things of the same sort.

Now it is perfectly obvious that if a disarmament conference starts out in this line it can go on talking until doomsday. Disarmament becomes impossible as soon as you complicate it with vague and incomputable factors upon which there can never be practical agreement. America's acceptance of the invitation to take part in such proceedings at all is an indication of her good-will, of her readiness to leave no stone unturned to accomplish her object.

Mr. Houghton's report has created an impression, however, that Europe's case is desperate. He therefore prescribes a remedy that looks disconcertingly like a 'kill or cure' prescription. The United States is to bring Europe to reason by financial pressure. Mr. Houghton thinks that in two or three years our continent's military burdens will have grown so heavy that our taxpayers will be unable to support them. In the same way that the Ruhr crisis compelled Europe to look facts in the face in regard to reparations, so an armaments crisis may prove necessary to bring her to her senses in respect to military expenditures. If America really resorts to this policy, it will certainly be a kill-or-cure operation.

Possibly the threat alone will be enough, for the countries against whom it is directed clearly perceive its meaning. Of course, their first impulse has been to become abusive and to ridicule the Houghton report. But America has made it plain that they are dependent upon her, and that they must respect her wishes whether they like it or not. France has not yet reached an agreement for paying her debts at Washington. The first great tumble of the franc was stopped by an American loan. Since then the franc has survived on the sufferance of America. Consequently France cannot refuse to heed Washington's injunctions, especially when they are as emphatic as this one. Moreover, Congress has not yet ratified the debt agreement with Italy.

Germany is not directly affected by America's warning, for our attitude at Geneva has made a good impression in that country. But we are likewise interested in seeing that America does not put that threat into effect. We know what these kill-or-cure prescriptions are; we took one ourselves at the time of the Ruhr invasion. We do not wish any other country to have a similar experience. But Europe must recover her health. If American credits are cut off, we may not be directly affected, but we shall be seriously affected indirectly. We want peace; our policies are definitely directed to that end. But other countries must want peace and must take the course that we have taken without kicking over the traces and gazing longingly back at glorious but unprofitable adventures. We cannot labor for a Locarno policy with one hand and for a big-armaments policy with the other; for this is a case where the right hand must know what the left hand does.

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THE AMERICAN CLAIMS[1]

AN ENGLISH ANALYSIS OF OUR BLOCKADE BILL

It would be idle to deny that Senator Borah's resolution on the subject of American claims against Great Britain suggests possibilities of a most unpleasant kind. The knowledge that claims of a very controversial character, amounting to over a hundred million pounds sterling, might at any moment be presented at Whitehall would in itself be sufficiently disturbing. That, however, is not the worst. The nature and origin of these particular claims, and the circumstances in which their presentation is now demanded, combine to make it quite certain that they cannot be pressed without exasperating public opinion in this country to an extreme degree. The fact that Senator Borah's action has synchronized with the partial publication of a very critical and even censorious report on the political state of Europe by Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, adds to the risk of the question giving rise to an embittered controversy.

In these circumstances it is of the first importance that all, on both sides of the Atlantic, who realize the supreme importance of friendly Anglo-American relations should form a clear idea of the questions at issue. What, in the first place, is the present position, and what are the chances that the American Government will take official action in support of the claims?

For several years past American exporters, shippers, and marine-insurance firms have been filing with the State Department claims against Great Britain and France for damages arising out of the Allied blockade of Germany between August 1914 and April 1917 — that is, during the period of American neutrality. For a long time the United States authorities did nothing; but, as the claimants are very numerous and very wealthy, they have combined to put political pressure on the Administration. The Senate has passed a resolution that the Secretary of State be invited to explain what action he proposes to take with regard to the claims; the resolution has been referred to the Foreign Relations Committee, of which Senator Borah is chairman, and the Committee has reported favorably upon it.

The next step to be taken is not quite clear. Either the chairman of the Committee summons the Secretary of State to answer questions, or else the resolution is placed upon the Senate's agenda for further discussion, and the necessary action with regard to the Secretary of State is taken by the Committee, after a debate and division. It is reported, however, that Senator Borah, for the moment at any rate, does not intend to press the matter. Further, it must always be remembered that, even if the Foreign Relations Committee or the Senate presses for a decision, the Secretary of State is under no constitutional obligation to comply; he is perfectly entitled to refuse, on grounds of general policy, to proceed further in the affair.

[1] From *The Nation and the Athenæum* (London Liberal literary and political weekly), *March 27*

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The latest reports give reason to hope that counsels of wisdom and moderation will prevail; but the fact remains that the agitation in favor of the claims is backed by a large number of very wealthy men with great electoral influence, and that the present temper of a large section of American public opinion with regard to European affairs ensures a favorable hearing for those who wish to press the claims. Even if the question should stand over for the moment, it may be revived, and it is essential that the British public should realize that the claims are seriously put forward, and that, if the American Government should decide to support them diplomatically, it would have a strong backing in the United States.

The claimants' case stands thus: The blockade of Germany was carried on by a series of Orders in Council, contraband proclamations, and methods of naval and financial pressure which the United States Government, during its neutrality, challenged, and declared to be illegal. Each of these measures caused loss to American exporters, and the State Department cannot refuse to press their claims — so the claimants argue — without admitting that its own protests were merely formal and made without justification or conviction. It is true that, after the United States entered the war, the weapon of economic pressure was used more drastically than ever; but it was exercised, so far as concerned the United States, not by naval patrols, the interception of neutral goods, and prize-court condemnations, but by general export embargoes on all American goods with a neutral destination, which were only removed when neutrals adjacent to Germany gave satisfactory guaranties against reëxport. It is claimed, and from a lecture delivered by Admiral Tupper before the Royal United Service Institution it appears to be a fact, that the United States Government carefully avoided sending so much as a picket boat to strengthen the naval forces employed on blockade duty.

It is important to grasp the last point, for the incredulity with which the first reports of the American claims were received on this side was based largely on American participation in the economic offensive during the later stages of the war. It is an essential part of the claimants' case that the right of a sovereign State to impose such restrictions as it pleases on the exports of its own products is absolutely consistent with the protests made by the United States Government against British interference with neutral goods and ships.

If the claims are really presented, they will, of course, have to be discussed in terms of international law, and it is not impertinent to remark that precedents, extremely valuable to the Allies, will be found in the records of American Prize Court decisions during the Civil War. We propose, however, to leave the legal aspect of the claims, for the moment, on one side; for we believe that an embittered legal wrangle would have a very bad effect on Anglo-American relations, and we hope that, on general grounds of honor and policy, the American people, as a whole, will express themselves so strongly against the claims as to enable the Administration to resist any pressure brought to bear by the claimants and their supporters. So long as there is still room for American opinion as a whole to make itself felt, it would be bad strategy for Britain to spend time and energy on legal arguments appealing, of necessity, only to a few specialists.

There are, it seems to us, two questions which every American citizen should be invited to answer, with-

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out regard to political or juridical niceties: —

First, can it be doubted that the American nation profited, and profited enormously, by those very measures against which the State Department protested? The legend of a Germany that gorged itself with neutral supplies while the British Foreign Office slumbered was long ago exploded. The American armies took the field against an enemy whose powers of resistance, military and economic, had already been sapped and debilitated by a long period of isolation. Whatever judgment be passed on the methods employed, can the United States Government, with any sense of equity, seek to recover vast sums from Great Britain in respect of measures which, as matters turned out, saved many millions of American treasure and many thousands of American lives?

Secondly, can the United States Government decently press claims upon Great Britain of which no mention was made in the debt settlement? It is true that the admitted liability in respect of war loans and the contested claims in respect of seizures and condemnations were not, even in their origin, on the same footing; but it is equally true that at the time of the debt settlement the British people had no idea that such claims as these could be made, and looked on the debt settlement as a final liquidation of all outstanding financial questions between the two countries. The American public, press, and Government must be perfectly well aware that the debt settlement would never have been effected on its actual terms if the British Government had had the slightest inkling that a new and most burdensome set of claims might be presented a few years later.

Should these considerations be brushed aside, it will become necessary to discuss the claims on their merits; but it is already sufficiently obvious that the revival of a controversy everyone believed to be dead and buried would be a real disaster. From that disaster we look to the good sense of the American Government and the American people to save both themselves and us.

CLAIRVOYANCE

BY HELEN GRANVILLE-BARKER

[*London Mercury*]

My imaged fate drew once within my ken,
And as some landsman, putting out from shore,
Might see, amazed, a strange-rigged ship, till then
Unknown, — to be forgotten nevermore, —
Sombre against a sky of coppery red,
Tall-masted, indefinable, austere,
So I beheld, half beauty and half dread,
That strange prevision shape and disappear.

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PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT. I[1]

THE STORY OF JAPANESE ESPIONAGE IN RUSSIA

BY CAPTAIN NICOLA POPOFF

[THE following story, which will appear in a series of articles in the *Living Age*, we believe to be perfectly authentic. The author was for several years the officer in command of the Russian Government's counter-espionage service in Siberia, having under his charge the military districts of Omsk, Irkutsk, and Trans-Amur, that is, the whole Eastern and Western section of Siberia with the exception of the Amur district — a post he held until the Revolution. The names of the actors have been disguised in order to prevent embarrassing consequences befalling them should the facts revealed come to the attention of people in a position to do them injury. Needless to say, we publish the narrative to illustrate the seamy side of all international relations where military rivalry comes into play, and not as a reflection upon the methods and procedure of any particular Government.]

WHEN I took possession of my new post in Siberia I found myself in charge of a very limited staff, whose members had to cover a great area of country, and who had on file very inadequate records of their operations. Consequently we were compelled to start almost from the beginning.

Our first task was to make a census of all the Japanese living within the limits of our jurisdiction. We soon ascertained that along the railway line from Cheliabinsk to Manchuria Station, or a distance of more than three thousand miles, there were only a few score permanent residents of this nationality. They were mostly small traders and artisans. Of course it was also my duty to inform myself about other foreigners in this territory, but owing to our geographical position my chief attention was naturally concentrated upon the Japanese.

The local police and the civilian residents who assisted us in gathering this information testified that their Japanese neighbors were peaceable and industrious people who worked regularly for their livelihood. They were washermen, barbers, photographers, cigarette-makers, acrobats, and small retailers. All the educated Japanese and wealthy merchants in our part of Asia lived to the eastward of Manchuria Station, along the Chinese Eastern Railway. West of that point, in addition to the small number already mentioned, were several women, almost exclusively inmates of Japanese brothels, whose proprietors were of the same nationality.

As Irkutsk was the military centre of Siberia, we naturally began our intensive investigations at that point. They disclosed the fact that there were about twoscore Japanese residing in the town, of whom the two most open to suspicion of espionage were the brothers

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Siraisi. The elder of these, a man of forty-five or fifty years of age, owned a laundry, the younger a photograph shop. They occupied a small house not far from the headquarters of the commanding general. The elder used the lower floor for his business, the younger the second story. Each had a separate entrance both from the street and from the back yard.

My agents kept these brothers under surveillance from morning until night. Our reports showed that they seldom left their house except to make necessary purchases. The only people who visited them were Russians who brought linen to be washed, and an occasional Japanese visitor on a holiday. For three or four months our surveillance revealed nothing more than this. Reports from other Siberian towns where Japanese were being watched were of the same character. I felt sure, however, that the Japanese intelligence service would not neglect such an important military post as Irkutsk, and kept new agents constantly on the job there. None of them managed to get acquainted with the Siraisi brothers. The latter were very cautious and reserved in their conversation, and apparently their pidgin Russian did not extend beyond a meagre vocabulary relating to their trade. We might have made more progress if some of our agents had known Japanese, but none of them possessed a speaking knowledge of that language.

Just when the prospect of discovering anything of importance seemed absolutely hopeless, luck came to our assistance — as it always did on precisely such occasions during my long experience as a counter-espionage officer. Our Army Headquarters included a cartographical establishment where our secret maps were printed. This institution was under the charge of a highly esteemed and competent specialist, Colonel X——, who was also a man famous for his courteous and genial disposition. But he was not a strict disciplinarian. His force included, besides the regular soldier detailed to his service, several civilian employees, some of whom led dissipated lives. From the time I began my work I tried to get one of my agents employed in this department, but for some reason or other always failed. Finally, in April 1912, I decided to see what I could do personally.

So one afternoon, about five o'clock, when the employees were leaving to go home, I appeared at the door dressed as a civilian. As I had just arrived at Irkutsk after a considerable absence, and as I was not accustomed to being seen in the streets, I ran little risk of recognition. Approaching one of the soldiers coming out, who seemed to me rather more intelligent than the others, and introducing myself as a merchant from Novo Nikolayevsk, I asked him to help me find among the employees a good lithographer for a printing office conducted by my brother in that town. The soldier, who was a garrulous fellow, said at once that he knew just the man for me.

While we were walking along talking the question over, we came to a small restaurant. I asked the soldier if he would take a drink with me. He readily accepted my invitation and we entered. After several glasses of vodka and two or three bottles of beer my new acquaintance became confidential. I pretended to be greatly interested in his personal affairs and asked him about his work and his superiors. The fellow, who was now quite drunk, boasted about the easy time he had. His work was not hard and his superiors were fine fellows. But his pay was too small; he had n't enough money to buy a drink now and then. Things had gone better the preceding year, for one of his friends, a soldier called Ignatiev, who

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was no longer in the service, had been on good terms with the Japanese, to whom he used to sell maps for large sums. Eventually the fellow confided to me that he had helped Ignatiev to steal the maps, and had shared the money with him, so that he had lived well during that period.

'Why,' I said, affecting great surprise, 'was n't Ignatiev afraid to do that? How did he dare to sell secret maps to the Japanese spies?'

The soldier laughed and said there was n't any danger of being caught, because the maps lay about everywhere and nobody took the trouble even to count them. Then he added: —

'Was it really a crime to sell those maps when they were so carelessly guarded?' After a moment's silent thought he added: 'I'd like to go on with that business if I knew where the Jap was to be found. Ignatiev told me he was a laundryman, but there are any number of Jap laundries here.'

The soldier was mistaken, for Siraisi had the only Japanese laundry in Irkutsk. The others belonged to Koreans, but the man, unable to tell the difference between the two nationalities, thought they were all Japanese. As soon as I got back to my office I took immediate measures to verify the soldier's statements regarding the carelessness said to prevail in the map division at Headquarters. I made a report to the Chief of Staff, who had the matter investigated and discovered that chaos reigned in this department. As a result several officers were arrested, and its chief received a severe reprimand and resigned his position. An energetic, forceful General Staff colonel took his place and speedily put things in order there.

Meanwhile my cheery, garrulous soldier rendered me a great service by making me acquainted with his friend Ignatiev, whom I immediately engaged as one of my own agents. With his help I was able to pick out the other unreliable and suspicious men in the cartographical establishment. In my report to Headquarters upon that institution, however, I did not mention the fact that maps had been stolen and sold to the Japanese, for I felt sure that Siraisi was the purchaser, and I did not want to flush my covey too soon.

Since my Russian agents were unable to get any positive information out of the Siraisi brothers, I turned the matter over to a Chinese detective in my employ named Chao. This man was a well-educated gentleman who had taken refuge in Russia after the revolution in his own country. Here he soon acquired an almost perfect knowledge of the Russian language, and he already possessed a fair command of Japanese. Eventually he was naturalized and married a Russian woman. All the time I was in charge of the service he was one of my most loyal and intelligent assistants.

Following my instructions, Chao called on Siraisi to have some work done at his laundry. When he delivered his bundle he asked the proprietor several questions in Japanese, but got only curt answers. Siraisi was evidently on his guard against imprudent inquirers. A few days later, when Chao called for his linen and attempted again to start conversation, his effort was equally fruitless. Before leaving, however, Chao remarked casually: 'I don't like this place. The Russians here at Irkutsk have no use for us Orientals.'

But the only reply he got from Siraisi to this was a sarcastic sneer.

Matters continued this way for a month or more. Chao brought his linen to the laundry every week and tried to be sociable with the proprietor, but was unable to overcome the latter's reserve.

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He was about to give up in disgust when it occurred to him one day on leaving the laundry to remark to Siraisi with a grin: 'You Japanese surely must have given the Russians a good drubbing, for the only thing they can think of is revenge.'

Siraisi's expression changed. Casting a quick glance at Chao, he asked: 'What makes you think so?'

Chao said he had several customers among the Russian officers for the silks he peddled, and that on calling upon one of them the previous evening he discovered in his apartment a large map of Japan with Japanese words on it. When he started to look at it the officer quickly folded it up and put it into a drawer in his desk, saying that it was secret. Chao went on to say that a number of Russian officers had asked him to give them lessons in Japanese, offering him good pay for the service. He regretted that he was obliged to refuse them for lack of time, and thus to lose some good money.

Siraisi was obviously greatly interested in this conversation, although he tried to conceal it. He asked Chao to bring him some samples of Chinese silk, saying that he might buy some. This resulted in an appointment for the following Sunday evening. Thus the ice was broken.

At the time agreed upon Chao called at Siraisi's house with several samples of silk. The proprietor was alone. He said that his servants were away in town for the holiday, but it was obvious that he had sent them off on purpose lest they should overhear his conversation with Chao. This was the only time within five months that all his servants had been absent at once.

Siraisi proved an agreeable host and a very sociable sort of fellow. He asked Chao how he was getting along in business and whether he was making much money, and other questions of that nature. He showed that he was thoroughly familiar with business conditions all over Siberia. Chao, who was excellently prepared to play the part of a small Chinese merchant, after answering several of his host's inquiries exclaimed: 'It surprises me to see a man as well informed as you are in the laundry business.'

Siraisi smiled sadly. He said that before the Russo-Japanese War he had been a wealthy silk merchant at Yokohama, but that he had lost his fortune during the war crisis and had come to Russia to escape his creditors. As he had no capital, he was forced to go into the first business that offered. It did not take much money to open a laundry. He hoped soon to enlarge his establishment, for he had made a good profit; but his only desire was to save up enough money to go back to Japan and resume his old business.

When Chao finally rose to leave, Siraisi reminded him of what he had said on the previous occasion about Russia's desire to revenge her defeat on Japan, and asked to be informed if he heard anything more of the kind, explaining: 'I lost so much in the last war that I don't want to get caught the same way again. If there is going to be trouble, I want to close up my business and get away in good time.'

Chao naturally promised to do as he was asked. Before he left, Siraisi asked him to call again the following Sunday. Chao thereupon handed Siraisi his visiting card and invited the latter to come to his house. After leaving, Chao, following my instructions, returned directly home.

On this occasion I had ordered my agents who were watching Siraisi's house not to discontinue their observations at sunset, as they had done hitherto, but to remain at their posts until Chao left.

What I had expected happened. As

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soon as Chao was a short distance from Siraisi's house, the door opened and a young Japanese laundryman appeared on the threshold. Glancing around him, he quickly followed Chao. His movements showed that he was an experienced detective. When Chao passed a corner and was out of sight, the Japanese hastened his steps, almost running until he reached the corner and recovered sight of his man; after which he again fell into a slow, sauntering walk. As soon as Chao entered his house, the Japanese passed it slowly and tried to read the number on the door, but it was getting late and he evidently failed to find it. So he paced up and down before the building for some time and then returned to the laundry.

Although Chao was a cautious man, and was forewarned that he might be shadowed, he never caught sight of the Japanese. In my report to Headquarters the following day I stated: 'According to the information of my agents, the Japanese Siraisi, conducting a laundry in Irkutsk, is a Japanese spy. His true name and rank are still unknown to me, but probably he is an army officer. Among the employees of the laundry is a very skillful outdoor agent whom Siraisi employs to shadow men for him.'

COBWEBS IN THE SKY [1]

BY VALENTÍN ANDRÉS ALVAREZ

I HAVE been told that when he was born he expressed his first impression of this world by a loud bawl, which had scarcely left his mouth before the world returned it to him through his ears. That first bawl is our initial experience with life, the real foundation of all human knowledge. By it the baby begins his life work, which consists, after entering this world, in making the world enter himself.

As he grew older that world imaged itself upon his mind in ever-new forms at school. The charts, maps, and engravings of the classroom wall were windows through which he caught new glimpses of the universe, different from those that he saw through the schoolhouse windows. Moreover, these charts and maps were themselves windows to different epochs of his life. Through a large yellow chart he could always see, as he grew older, his first year at school.

Immediately after a promotion his attention was attracted to a strange instrument, consisting of pasteboard globes suspended on arms of various lengths from a low upright, that stood on top of a cupboard in the classroom. One day the teacher gathered his older pupils around him, took down the mysterious apparatus, and said: 'What you see here is the Universe.' He pronounced the last word with a capital. He then pointed out on the globe that represented the earth the equator and the poles, the zenith and the nadir, the ecliptic and the twelve signs of the

[1] From *La Revista de Occidente* (Madrid literary monthly), *December*

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zodiac — words that from that moment became engraved in the boy's mind with all the distinctness of heavenly things.

'You see this tiny globe here is the earth, and its form' — here the teacher traced a diagram on the blackboard, accentuating greatly the flattening of the earth at the poles, before adding, 'has the shape of an orange.'

To be frank, none of the pupils saw the point. The teacher, who was a routinist, forgot that this comparison, which he had read in his textbook, was true only in Valencia. In Asturia, where our young hero lived, oranges are nearly perfect spheres.

As the teacher explained the planetarium, another new vista into the universe opened before the mental vision of the boy. The dusty mechanism that hitherto had borne no relation to the other things about him, whose very name he had not known, at once became the most significant thing in the schoolroom. It was like a magic carpet on which his imagination flew to regions hitherto unseen. It became also the centre of his future existence around which his life revolved like a planet around the sun. And when the time came for him to select his life work, he decided, without consciously knowing why, upon a scientific career, and eventually took the examinations for the astronomical observatory. Thus his orbit was determined.

He had always been an industrious and serious-minded boy. Nevertheless, he was not a young man of the perfect student type. He was too fond of indulging his imagination, and was a passionate reader of the pseudoscientific fancies of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. Snatches from their books were always in his mind and rising to the surface of his thought during his study hours and in his conversation. What eventually saved him from becoming a daydreamer and a dilettante was the memory of that old planetarium, which lurked constantly in the background of his reveries.

The years of preparation for his chosen career that followed were like a journey across a barren desert of dry scientific routine. But he was heartened by the feeling that this desert trail ended in the heavens. That thought clothed the humdrum formulas of science with unsuspected charms. Physics became stellar physics; mechanics became the mechanics of the sky; mathematical equations were no longer empty calculations, but were patterns on the heavens tracing paths the planets themselves obeyed. Consequently his new studies became an obsession. He bored his fellow students with astronomical lectures. Nobody cared for his disquisitions at first, but at length one friend began to show a glimmer of interest, and the young man devoted himself to him. Their conversation would run along in this wise: —

'How delightful if we could just make a tour of the heavens,' the friend would remark.

'But we can.'

'You don't mean it!'

'Yes.'

'How?'

'With our instruments at the observatory.'

'But I mean actually be on a star!'

'We are on one!'

'No!'

'Yes. One of the most beautiful of them.'

'Man alive, we are not! We are on the earth!'

'And in the sky.'

'On a star?'

'To be sure.'

'So you're actually certain of that?'

'Absolutely. Just now we are living on the morning star of the Martians.'

One day the young man's mind began

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to dwell on the immortality of light. He knew that rays from dead stars still reach our eyes — eternal rays vibrating forever through the boundless reaches of space. He knew also that the sun's light, reflected by the earth, was carrying the picture of all that had ever happened on the surface of our planet to infinitely remote distances in our universe. Then he reflected: 'The luminous trail that our globe leaves behind it is a great reel upon which the history of the world is filmed. Everything that has ever happened to mankind is indelibly imprinted on it. Napoleon is at this very moment losing the battle of Waterloo ten and a half billion kilometres from the earth. Somewhere a star exists where one could take to-day a photograph of the Crucifixion. Yes, the whole history of the world is preserved perfectly and indestructibly in the luminous archives of space. And death? Bah! Life is merely acting on a world-bound movie stage. Some day we cut the cord that ties us to our mother earth and fly away to become part of the immortal vibrations of the universe itself. At the hour of death we do indeed enter heaven.'

The young men used to attend Sunday gatherings of young folks who played the piano, danced, sang, and amused themselves in other innocent ways. But he did not dance, or sing, or play the piano. Nevertheless, he found it a distraction to watch the others. He felt himself rather on a lower plane, weighted down by his science, unable to rise to the superior level of these light-footed, light-hearted people. The girls paid no attention to him, but their mothers regarded him with interest. Not unfrequently they would hold him up as a model, as a serious youth, a great worker, a young man with an assured future.

This admiration embarrassed him more than it flattered him. Whenever one of the good-hearted ladies would interrupt a frivolous conversation to compliment him upon his learning he felt as uneasy as a goldfish pulled out of an aquarium to gratify the curiosity of a visitor.

Notwithstanding this retiring disposition, however, he was not a misanthrope, far less a misogynist. He was interested in the girls, but did not know how to approach them. He could not sing or play an instrument, and he did not shine in light conversation. Therefore he found himself automatically relegated to the margin of their society.

A day came, however, when this problem became insistent. One of the young ladies began to interest him. His first advance was to seize opportunities to sit beside her. Sometimes that made him do heroic and picturesque things — even cross an empty ballroom floor all alone, when everybody else was seated, because he saw an empty chair next to her.

But he never spoke to her, because he did not know how to start a conversation. He had solved hundreds of abstruse mathematical problems, but never a problem just like this one.

As usually happens under such circumstances, the lady solved it for him. One day she said: 'They say you're a dreadfully learned man. . . .' He listened in rapture, idealizing her voice, especially when she chanced to pronounce his name. Surely it was the most musical voice he had ever heard. At length the time came when he mustered up courage to ask his great question. During the sudden silence that followed he observed her attentively, with a suspense resembling that of a person who has dropped a coin into a vending machine and awaits the appearance of the object for which he has paid. But the brief pause when nothing was said was followed by another when

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nothing intelligible was said — a few incoherent phrases ending in, 'I'll think about it.' She would answer the following Sunday.

When Sunday came the reply was still uncertain. 'Would n't it be well to get better acquainted before making a final decision?' They began to go out together in the evening, always under the vigilant guardianship of the girl's mother — who, in fact, was more favorable to the match than her daughter. They talked a great deal about his future. He would soon take his examinations for a regular post at the observatory. If he succeeded, his position might be a stepping-stone to an appointment as professor of astronomy in a university. Lolita rather liked the idea of being the wife of a young astronomer — with the emphasis on 'young'; Doña Ramona, her mother, delighted in the word 'astronomer,' which she vaguely associated with the possession of mysterious powers over the calendar.

The young man began his regular work at the observatory with great enthusiasm, although his first tasks were not designed to arouse that sentiment; for they consisted in making interminable complicated calculations from data supplied by the astronomers who made the observations. One of the latter was a star-hunter. He spent night after night pointing his telescope at suspicious spots in the heavens and filling notebooks with signs and figures, almost as a fisherman casts his net into the sea wondering what he will pull out. At length a day came when a new star emerged from the calculations — a star which, strange as it may seem, no one ever before had noticed in the sky, but which nevertheless was there, demonstrated, and now made visible to all the world.

Thereupon the young man wrote this freakish memorandum on the margin of his notebook: 'Poor little star! You who have, through all the ages, been a free wanderer in the heavens, caught at last by a telescope from which you will never again escape, imprisoned henceforth in the cage of a calculation.'

Later the young man was assigned to the preliminary work of preparing for the observatory a new calendar for the following year. He had to calculate the hours of sunrise and sunset, the beautiful nights when the full moon would move poets to write verses and lovers to declaim them to their sweethearts, the beginning of spring, the boundaries of the seasons, and all the daily routine of the earth and the sky above. Even the carnivals emerged from his calculations, like curious unknowns suddenly unmasking.

Still later the young man was commissioned to plot a map of the heavens. He began by drawing a gridiron of meridians and parallels. They looked like the bars of a celestial prison. 'After all,' he thought, 'the sky is a great prison. All these stars that we imagine are wandering freely through the universe are shackled to their orbits like prisoners in a cell. Even if some unknown and rebellious comet suddenly bursts upon the vision, whisking its tail tauntingly in its free orbit, every observatory on the globe is on the alert, like a celestial policeman, to capture it and to confine it to a set and settled path which it is never again allowed to leave. We do not know for certain when the stars are born in the heavens, but we know the precise moment when they are born in astronomy. It is the moment when we have determined the number of the cell in which we imprison them for eternity. So my map of the heavens is the plan of a prison, and I am drawing it from a warden's office.'

After laying out his chart in squares, the young computer traced the orbit of the sun, then that of the moon, and last

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of all began to enter the stars themselves. One day he said jokingly to his fiancée: 'I have finished the sun and the moon; now I'm beginning to make some stars.' It occurred to him a little later that this joke was more serious than it seemed. When he put a star on the map that he had not personally observed previously, and directed his telescope to the point the following night, he saw it for the first time. Thus he put many new stars into his artificial firmament that he had the pleasure of 'seeing in the flesh and blood,' so to speak, only after they were recorded there. In this way he drew a picture of the heavens before he saw the heavenly world he portrayed.

Lolita became greatly interested in his work, and when they went out to walk together in the afternoon she always asked him what he had been doing that day.

'Has it been a very hard day?'

'No, I've just been drawing all day long.'

'And you have finished those calculations that are giving you such trouble?'

'Oh, of course not!' Thereupon Doña Ramona, the mother, would chime in indignantly: —

'What is all this about, anyway? This heaven that you have to put down in long columns of figures, like a merchant's account?'

'Well, that's what it really is, although when you look at it it seems to be nothing but stars.'

'Well, I never would have believed it! And all this studying of yours is just casting up accounts!' And one could see that the good lady vaguely associated the young man's work with grocers' bills.

It did not seem wise for the young couple to get married until the young man had been promoted. How time dragged! A promotion might not come until some member of the observatory staff died — a funeral as a prelude to a wedding! Which of his superiors must leave the world to ensure his felicity? There was nothing to do but to wait patiently and let fate decide.

The young man's next duty was to assist an aged astronomer who was studying the sun. That great luminary — which after all was a petty sovereign reigning over a tiny principality in the firmament — proved to be a docile sort of fellow who followed obediently the course the algebraic formulas prescribed for him. But this new task had one advantage: as the observations were made in the daytime, the young man was free in cloudy weather. Before getting up he would ask the servant who brought his coffee: 'How does it look outside?'

'Very bad, sir; raining cats and dogs.'

'Very bad? What do you mean? I consider that fine weather. Shan't have to get up.'

In fact, those were fine days for the young astronomer, as they were for umbrella-vendors.

One day when he reached the observatory he was greeted with the important news that the authorities planned to reorganize the staff. This meant a promotion. As soon as he could get away that afternoon he hastened to the home of his fiancée to tell her the good news. He found the family in the sewing-room. Plans for the wedding suddenly assumed a new actuality. He pressed the ladies to set a date. At last they said: 'Well, about such-and-such a date of such-and-such a month.' This did violence to his habits of mathematical precision. Impossible to leave such an important event to wander capriciously through space, so to speak.

'Well, anyway, after a certain time and before another certain time,' he at last pleaded, eager at least to confine

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the day between certain limits. But the ladies' minds did not work that way. The date, to them, must be as yet like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, irreducible to any orbit.

Shortly after his marriage, when he had his own home and had settled down to humdrum domestic life, the young man, now promoted from computer to assistant astronomer, began to make independent observations. The stars were to be no longer mere abstract entities, pure mathematical forms, but real physical things that he could see. The long road he had followed from the beginning of his career had reached the heavens at last. This, he thought to himself, is reality. But now he found new barriers in his way. The first of these was his instrument. He was to use a new one. It was one of the most perfect manufactured, but nevertheless it was full of errors — errors that had to be weighed and measured and carefully corrected before he could go one step further.

At length, after several months' patient labor, this work was finished. Next he had to ascertain exactly the position of his new instrument on the globe, the precise point where he was going to work indefinitely. At last a moment came when he was ready to proceed with his actual observations. His researches into the stellar world were fruitful. The science of astronomy was enriched with new data regarding a few asteroids, hitherto uncaptured, which were now duly confined with their larger brothers and sisters in their respective orbit-cells.

Finally the young man wearied of his work with the stars, and began to study the moon. He welcomed this change with a certain glow of enthusiasm. Nights when the moon was at its full recalled the romance of the days of his courtship. What a beautiful luminary! What a romantic luminary in the good old days when people still saw gods and goddesses in the heavens! But, alas, we were now too advanced for that. The romance of the sky had vanished. Its gods and goddesses had fled. The firmament was now but formulas and diagrams. So, as his studies progressed, there came a night when the moon set in his heart as the stars had set before her, never to rise again. Never again was he to see the gracious, golden, smiling orb of his youth whom his remote ancestors, many, many generations back, had worshiped with mystical veneration as a deity. Now the moon had become a dead and arid body, covered with pimply craters. He had counted the wrinkles of his goddess.

Thus gradually a great change took place in the romantic youth. The stars — how he used to revel in wonder at those little points of light, those mysterious twinkling sparks flying across the vistas of the universe! What pleasure it once gave him to meditate upon those worlds that have not yet ripened into planets — stars that are worlds in the bud! But little by little they had lost their splendor. They had become mere tallies in the dry routine of his daily work. He went to the heavens each day as a mechanic goes to his work bench.

Once he had dreamed of what a marvelous thing his life would be, alternating between the luminaries of the sky and Lolita, the single luminary of his fireside. Heaven both above him him and at his elbow! Life poised between two celestial hemispheres!

But in his innocence he had forgotten that dreams differ from all other things in this world in ceasing to be real the moment they become reality. His life did move back and forth between two hemispheres, but hemi-

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spheres that were now cribbed and confined and commonplace. In either he was imprisoned beneath a low ceiling — the ceiling of his home, or the scarcely higher ceiling of the mapped mechanism at the other end of his telescope.

And like the stars, Lolita, that other celestial body, became but one more prisoner in the world's meshes.

The stars? What were the stars now for him? That depended. In the geometry of the heavens they were points; in physical astronomy they were suns and worlds. By a simple change of mental attitude they were converted from mere points to enormous spheres plunging at incredible speed through space. But the stars as he first knew them were now but vague memories of his ignorant youth. He no longer saw the firmament except through complicated and delicate apparatus which it required great skill to manipulate and which served only to confirm or correct some formula in that great dome that is the firmament on a clear night. But the stars themselves he had ceased to see, now that he had become an astronomer at last.

JUST MEMORIES[1]

BY E. D. KUSKOVA

ONCE, back in the nineties, a hard-headed, unsentimental publisher said to me: —

'I do not see why I stay in this business. We've got plenty of people in Russia, more than a hundred million, but if I print a hundred thousand copies of a book I am worried day and night wondering how I am going to dispose of them. If I sell a thousand copies, I call it fair business. Yet we have such a multitude of people!'

A year or two ago I was talking to another Russian publisher, who said to me: —

'Do you know, a good book is fairly snatched out of our hands. If we had capital enough to do it, we could print and sell hundreds of thousands. Not long ago an old economist printed his work in an edition of eight thousand copies. We sold it out within a month. The second edition was fifteen thousand copies, and it is already nearly gone.'

'Who reads such books?' I asked.

'Mostly students in the Workmen's Study Courses. You know, they resent the patronizing way the "real" students treat them. The latter say to them: "Go and learn your multiplication table!" That makes these young working people study to the limit. They labor all day long unloading wood barges or driving garbage wagons, and pore over their books all night. They're half dead by morning, but they learn something.'

People from the poor tenements at the back of the house where we lived in Moscow in 1917 crowded around me in the yard. It was in October. The

[1] From *Sovremennya Zapiski* (Paris Russian-language Liberal bimonthly)

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Bolshevist revolution was already in full swing. I had been away for several months, and was startled by the change in the manner of the people. First of all was their attitude. They looked like a different race. Our yard-boy stood leaning against the door, his legs crossed, his whole position and expression indicating conscious independence and self-confidence. His manner of speaking also was different.

'The Provisional Government blundered badly, lady — blundered badly. No doubt about it. They ought to have called upon the people for advice. If they had done so, I have no doubt that the people would have prevented this disorder.'

I did not understand at first what he meant by the people and by disorder. The fellow had hitherto been simply 'Peter' to me. But who was he now? A Bolshevik? I asked him a few questions. He explained: —

'Certainly it is disorder. They 've invented a Constitutional Assembly. Nobody can understand that. They ought to have called in the people and said to them, "Help us!"'

'But, Peter, the Constitutional Assembly means calling in the people. Whatever they said would have been done.'

'But what can our people say? Their minds are dark. They 've no education. And you thought up some Constitutional Assembly for them! All you ought to have done was to say: "Come and help us. We 've done a common job, and if you help us we 'll give you so-and-so."'

The bystanders listened and nodded their heads in assent. One or two said: 'He 's talking sense, Peter is. Your Constitutional Assembly only mixes things up. People go to meetings and shout, and nothing comes of it.'

'But what do you think ought to come of it? What 's the job we want done?'

'First of all, the authorities ought to have ended the war. They did n't want to. Well, that 's why they 're now — hm! — out of it. Again, the peasants grabbed the land, everyone for himself, without any order or system, and what kind of government allows that? If thou art a minister of the Government, thou must show people how each should take his piece of land in a regular way. What order can there be unless you do that? Yes. And as to your Constitutional Assembly — the Constitutional Assembly is no surveyor, is it?'

I have seldom found myself in a position harder to defend; and this was in the very heart of Moscow. What were the people saying out in the villages? I remembered the sober faces of the members of some country coöperative society who had come to Moscow and had said to me: —

'This is bad business. The people do not understand. The other day the peasant women harried us half to death at the zemstvo elections. "How much will they pay us," they asked, "for walking all the way down here to vote? We cannot wear out our shoes for nothing. Filling out blanks! They want blanks! What do I know about blanks? Fuddling our brains for nothing! If they gave me a cow, I 'd understand that." Then, the speakers sent out to the villages are no good. One of them came to our place and spoke about self-determination for small nationalities, and counted out five or six liberties to us. Suddenly an old peasant got up, stroked his beard, and asked: "Well, brother, why don't you tell us about hanging horse thieves? What good are your liberties if they don't stop stealing horses?" To this the speaker answered: "All right, let 's write down a paragraph about stealing horses and sign it. Then the Constitutional Assembly will do what you want." "What non-

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sense is that?" the old fellow with the beard continued. "What do you mean by paragraphs? I tell you, we want to hang them, and you talk about paragraphs." So you see, every Russian village has become a Tower of Babel. The people don't understand your big words and formulas. They want something simple and direct and practical.'

A half-starved government clerk with a big family and a salary of thirty-seven rubles a month lived for years in the basement of one of our tenements. He used to rent each corner of his rooms to a different lodger. His children were pale and puny. His quarters were filthy beyond description, alive with vermin and black with soot. Then the Bolsheviki seized power, and my government clerk put on new plumage overnight. He got a job in a paper factory, where he used to steal quantities of tissue paper, and his boys sold it on the sly at fabulous prices. The two eldest sons enlisted in the Red Army. He either sold or burned his old, broken-down furniture; he had new paper put on the walls, and the kitchen whitewashed. Two of the rooms were finished in fiery red. He also had electric lights installed, and bought new clothes for the children, had flowers on the window-sills and rugs on the floors. But the family remained in their basement quarters. I never learned the source of all their opulence. They had meat every day, even in the worst times. When I questioned the clerk's wife about it, she answered modestly: 'It 's from our rations.' I well remember the talk I had with this old clerk at the time when Denikin was said to be approaching Moscow. He asked me anxiously: —

'Is it possible, Ekaterina Dmitrievna?'

'Is what possible?'

'Denikin! Is it really true that he is getting close?'

'Perhaps.'

'Against the working people! Won't the Western proletariat help us?'

'How long have you been a member of the proletariat?' I asked.

'All my life. Every time my chief in the government office used to speak to me, I would hang my head and think: "Just wait, you scum. You 'll get your deserts some day." And so help me God he did!'

A little later this fellow was appointed president of the house committee, as he was considered a reliable Communist. Every night an automobile stopped at the door. Many a time I felt a thrill of fear when I heard it. I imagined it might be a requisition party. But no! The driver would hastily unload firewood, kerosene, alcohol, and carry them into one of the poorer tenements. Every morning there was secret trading at incredible prices, and the people grew visibly richer daily. One day I stopped the elegant, highly painted young Anna Petrovna as she was fluttering out of their apartment and asked her to request her nightly guests not to make so much noise with their motor, as my husband was ill.

'I could n't speak to the man that way,' she said mysteriously and naïvely. 'He 's one of the biggest fellows in the Red Cross.'

'Are n't you afraid you 'll be stood up against the wall for speculating?'

'No, they won't shoot us. He 's one of the biggest.'

One night the gate creaked. There was no automobile, but several men entered the yard and knocked at the door of the former government clerk.

'We are from the Cheka. Show us immediately into the most expensive apartments.'

'Believe me or not, comrades, there are poor people everywhere here —

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little tenements — proletarians every one of them. Perhaps you might call at Numbers 1 and 2. They are bourgeois apartments.'

Number 2 was where we lived. They promptly appeared, eight men or so, with revolvers and rifles.

'Give us whatever valuables you have, and be quick about it.'

I took them into the library and showed them our books.

'Don't try to make a joke of this. What do we want of your waste paper.'

'But they are the only valuable things we have.'

'Nonsense. You probably got something under the floor. I imagine, some seventeen poods of family silver.'

'Search for yourself. We sold everything.'

They immediately began tearing things to pieces in their quest for what they sought.

'Citizen,' I said, 'where is your warrant?'

'You 'll get your warrant in the future life.'

'Would n't you like a cup of tea? The samovar is ready.'

The invitation simply struck them dumb. They stared at each other, shuffled their feet, and stopped hunting.

'Well — please — We 're tired out walking all over the town every night.'

So we sat down together at table. Their faces assumed an entirely different expression — they were simply broad, childish, Russian peasant faces. I asked them where they came from.

'Mostly from Vladimir. Land 's very scarce there, so we enlisted instead.'

'Do you think what you are doing is good service? After all, you are taking away people's property.'

'Property? They ought to give us anything valuable they have of their own free will. The Red Army is fighting against the generals and landlords. We can't let them get back. They 've had their good times — now we are masters. That 's the whole story. They can never put us out again. Their game is over.'

We fled from the dirt and litter of the city for an outing in the vicinity of Moscow. I went up to a peasant woman standing in the doorway and asked her to sell us some milk.

'They won't let us sell it. Everything that we don't need ourselves the Committee takes for the children and the soldiers.'

'We only want a drink.'

'Well, come in.'

It was wonderfully rich milk, and it had been so long since we had tasted any. She studied us attentively and, asking whether we were from the city, inquired: —

'Well, how are things there?'

'What do you mean?'

'Well — the Bolsheviki, the scoundrels — will they be driven out soon?'

'Not very soon. Do you care?'

'Why, of course. Those robbers have driven us into a tight corner, sure enough — the scum!'

'Why did you put them in power, then? You peasants and working people did it.'

The buxom *baba* laughed heartily.

'Sure we did. We did it ourselves. No one else had a hand. It was interesting at first.'

'What was interesting?'

'To see the people there beat it for their dear lives,' she said, pointing to a big house beyond the grove. 'A countess lived there. It served her right! In the old days she used to come here and talk, and talk, and talk, until you felt like spitting in her face — yet we had to stand her.'

'Yet you say it is bad enough now.'

'It could n't be worse. We 're hiding everything underground. We have to. But it was interesting at first.'

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THE QUAINT ENGLISH OF JAPAN [1]

BY ISAMU SUZUNO

If we teachers in Japan kept a note-book always with us, and troubled to jot down every charming thing that we heard expressed by Japanese students, we should soon have our book crammed full of delightful little gems of thought.

I venture to place some such memoranda before you quite uncorrected; and if my reader does not find something that touches his heartstrings in some of them, then he must indeed miss a great deal of the joy of living in Japan. The following short essays were written mostly by middle-school boys and youthful university students of Tokyo.

'I live! I bathe in sunlight, and breathe in the clear atmosphere; I live! Truly I live! See, that beautifully colored arch of a sky! And see, this black earth on which these naked feet of mine walk with firm step! Luxuriant trees and grasses, flying and frisking birds and beasts, and better still — the love of little children. Ah, I would live, I would live! Up to this day I have known many, many griefs; but it is because the more I suffer the more I like this world. Life, I cling to you!

'Lovable world! I would play in the forests of my dreams. I want to live for a thousand years, forever! May I dream on, and on forever!'

'My school broke up on the 18th of July, and I started for my home on that day. My mother and sisters were waiting for me near the end of the village, and as soon as they saw me they ran up to me. They embraced me, and how happy was I. We were happiness itself. I stayed at my home all the summer vacation. I did not climb the high mountains, and to the sea shore I did not go. We could not delight ourselves on a ship, feeling the fanning cool breeze of the great ocean; but only in true friendship and in our love did I spend this summer vacation, and we spent a thousand times more of happy days.'

'I dream, I dream of her, a fair one of mine. She is here —
She is not as intelligent as a small bird,
She can feel the true grief and gladness
Even if it is a small grief.
She loves the beauty of the things in form . . .
And the things of no form.
She knows the soft words and she knows
The manners of the people of "Yedo."
She is pure as a pink shell at the gray sea-shore.
But, my dream wife dies; she dies
As the morning glory's flower dies,
In the evening, before her beauty goes from her
She dies — perfumingly.
I dream — I dream.
But, Ah! — nowhere is she — in this world;
She is only the wife of my sweet dreams.'

'"Hana" is the name of our maid-

[1] From the *Japan Times and Mail* (Tokyo English-language daily), weekly edition, *August* 19

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servant. She has served us quite faithfully for six years. She is a very stout woman. On account of this, I wish to tell you the following story.

'While she was one morning sweeping our garden, some mischievous boys passed near by and saw her. "How are you, Miss Two Regiments?" they said in loud voice to her. "What do you mean by calling me such a name?" she asked. "It's your nickname; and it means you may eat enough rice for two regiments!" And the rudely boys ran away.

'But, indeed she is very stout, but I have watched her, and she does not eat so much. Hana is very honest and obliging, and is treated with affection by all our folks. She is fond of songs, and times when my little sister goes to her school, she follows her; and there she wants to stay, to learn some new children songs.

'As she makes our curry, and stirs it with a long stick, she sings in the kitchen in a peculiar tone, "*Momotaro*," and "*Hato poppo*."

'It was at dinner the other day that my mother joked with her and said: "I will find you a good husband, Hana." "Thank you," she answered; "I want a good husband." Now, Hana is motherless, and her father hurt his foot and cannot do any work; therefore he comes to her once a week to receive some money. Oh, how admirable she is in her filial love!'

'We students have learned English for about five or six years, and now we cannot even read books or newspapers properly, and what is still curious, we cannot speak at all. We all fear that we shall graduate from the university without knowledge about English, but with the little *Gakushi*.

'But we have consumed a lot of energy for English. I am sure that if some of us did not study English we would have been wiser in other things.

'I suppose this follows from the bad educational system of Japan. How old-fashioned and bad it is with all its examinations that make nothing of most of us. The educational authorities think that boys are only educated in their schools; therefore year by year there increase more students who want to enter upper colleges and high schools; then the hard examinations for entrance take place everywhere. Little is our sleep, and sometimes little is our food too at these times. The students must study only for examinations and not for themselves. In these cases, we manage to translate short sentences into Japanese, but we cannot read and catch the meaning the good authors want to tell us. Oh, English is so hard to some of us students.'

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THE BOOKS OF MY YOUTH [1]

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

In response to an editorial request, I propose to try to write on the subject of 'Writings That Have Influenced Me'; not because I think that my experiences are in any way remarkable, but in the hope that my account may stimulate other ingenuous youths to take an interest in serious things and throw their energies into the direction of solid work, without which it seems to me hardly possible to accomplish anything of value, unless it is necessary to make allowance for the exceptional case of a few geniuses. But I was early led to mistrust dependence on genius of any kind, and to realize that natural ability must be reënforced by determination, perseverance, and hard work.

The narration of my experience must to a certain extent be autobiographical in form, with due apology for apparent egoism. And as influence is chiefly exerted during the malleable years of youth, I may divide the periods mainly dealt with into childhood, schooldays, and youth, covering the first twenty or twenty-five years of my life.

I learned to read at a very early age, and cannot remember a time when I could not read. I used to get absorbed in books, and had a very retentive memory; but I do not remember reading in childhood anything of special importance. The first book I read to myself was one of Captain Mayne Reid's; it was called *The Plant Hunters*, and is a (probably rather dreary) story of the adventures in the Himalayas of two explorers and a native guide called Ossaroo among ice and crevasses and immense caves, in which they lost their way, having ultimately no lights but what they could manufacture out of the fat of a bear. Apparently they never got out of those solitudes, and how their memoirs reached the outer world was not clear; but details like that did n't trouble me.

Another book of infancy was the well-known *Sandford and Merton*, which combined a certain amount of information with the story; and another was *The Swiss Family Robinson*.

But apart from books, I had at an early age an enthusiasm for any kind of mechanism, especially prime movers, and picked up anything about the steam engine that I could, partly by instinct and inspection, and partly from any source of information that came my way; and I had a longing to be an engineer that persisted until school killed a longing for anything except home. I knew nothing of science, however, till long afterward, but was enthusiastic about any scraps of astronomy, such as were contained in geographies and especially in a book reporting an eloquent course of lectures by Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati, called *The Orbs of Heaven*. No sort of poetry, nor any literature, came within my ken till several years later.

At the age of eight I went to a grammar school, then conducted on very old-fashioned lines, and I remember my schooldays only as a rather dreary

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *March* 27 and *April* 3

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waste, with a severe grammatical grind in Latin and Greek, the grammars used being the Eton Latin Grammar and Valpy's Greek Dilectus, in which every word was in Latin without intelligible explanation; while the only textbooks allowed were the Oxford Pocket Classics, without notes or introductions or anything helpful and explanatory. In that way I waded through a good deal of Cæsar and Xenophon, going on to Vergil, Homer, and Horace, my last two years of schooldays being spent under private tuition with a rector in Suffolk, where all ordinary reading was of a very restricted kind — mainly old periodicals.

There a charitable lady on a visit, horrified at my complete ignorance of poetry at an age between thirteen and fourteen, read aloud in the evenings *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *The Lady of the Lake*, thus giving me the first inkling of the meaning of poetry — incredible as it may sound to those who even when quite young are able to regard the classics as poetry.

The grammatical grind, though dreary as thus taught, was strict and thorough, and was not without its beneficial effect, for it increased one's vocabulary and gave one a facility in finding the right words to convey the meaning intended. And in deprecating a mere linguistic treatment of great literature I by no means wish to throw any doubt on the value of classical studies as a preparation for life. On the contrary, I think that this severe training was helpful in many ways, though it was made unnecessarily laborious and uninteresting by the absence of literary and historical treatment. I am sure that I was hungry for palatable information of any kind, and it is true that the main subjects of study were relieved by a certain amount of very elementary mathematics, especially Euclid, in which at an early age I found an absorbing delight.

I was taken from school at fourteen to help in my father's business, and after a desultory two years came, at about sixteen, under the influence of a studious relative and of a book, which I will mention later as a peculiarly influential one in my case. Working under difficulties, in spare time only, — or, rather, in time that was squeezed out from routine occupation, — it was about now that I began what I must consider the serious work of life, saving up every hour for private study, and absorbing everything that I could lay my hands on, mostly in spare hours, but occasionally surreptitiously. Chambers's *Miscellany* was one of my sources of information, *The Penny Cyclopædia* another. And my introduction to science was due mainly to a chance encounter with a weekly journal called the *English Mechanic*, of which the chief features at that time were astronomy and mechanism and the construction of electrical apparatus.

At about this same age of sixteen or seventeen a chance was offered me to spend a winter in London, in order to attend lectures at King's College on geology and other subjects, and to come under the influence of the Reverend James Moorhouse, afterward Bishop of Melbourne and Manchester successively, then vicar of St. John's, Fitzroy Square — a man of remarkable eloquence, earnestness, and clear thinking, to whom I owe much.

Moreover, in order to fit myself for attending lectures more efficaciously, I taught myself shorthand — on a plan which, unwisely, I devised for myself, instead of learning the orthodox system. I used this while in London, my plan being to take down everything as nearly verbatim as possible, and then write it out fairly, so that the information gained should become part of my men-

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tal equipment. I used also to copy out books in this way, and about this time or a little sooner came the book which more than any other had an influence in stimulating my enthusiasm for work. This book was *Self-Help*, by Samuel Smiles, whose *Lives of the Engineers* I also read. But *Self-Help* had a great effect on me, its main thesis being to urge the student not to depend on supposed genius or natural ability, but to supplement anything in these directions by severe labor and pertinacity. I copied out chapter after chapter of *Self-Help* in my kind of shorthand, by way of practice.

By far the most stimulating event during this winter in London was my hearing six lectures on heat at the Royal College of Mines, in Jermyn Street, by that singularly effective lecturer, John Tyndall — then, I suppose, at the zenith of his power. The lectures were illustrated by copious experiment, and I felt that I was born for physics. Certainly the treatment was what seems now of a very elementary kind; but it was extremely effective as far as it went, though it gave one rather a misleading impression of 'knowing' the subject.

After that I attended with the utmost enthusiasm every lecture of Tyndall's at the Royal Institution to which I could gain access; and Tyndall was one of my heroes. I never dared to speak to him, but used to look with envy at the people who crowded up and shook hands with him after a Friday evening lecture, and who to me did not seem worthy of his genial friendliness.

In due time I returned to Staffordshire, and worked during all the spare time I could get, harder than ever, though without adequate guidance.

The science and art classes of South Kensington were then beginning at the Wedgwood Institute, Burslem, some miles from where we then lived. I had already attended lectures on chemistry in London, and was now able to become a sort of amateur assistant in preparing the experiments for John Angell, who came from Manchester to take classes in chemistry in Burslem — one of 'the five towns' made familiar since by Mr. Arnold Bennett. Whether there were classes in them or not, I studied privately and entered for the May examination in a considerable number of subjects, and succeeded in getting in one year eight first-class certificates, with the prizes attached. They were handed over in the Town Hall by Mr. Buller, M.P., with great éclat, but I was too shy to attend.

A stray lecture by Professor Miller at King's College on the voltaic cell had switched me on to electricity; and I began making experiments in that subject with such materials as I could collect, working in a barn at home — rather to the annoyance of my parents, who hoped that I would concentrate on business. In the train, and in station waiting-rooms, I was doing trigonometry and otherwise working.

It so happened that abou a year later the Queen opened the new buildings of the London University in Burlington Gardens, and through the publicity then secured I found it was possible to take a degree by private study. I therefore began to work for London matriculation. In those days all the subjects were compulsory, and included both Latin and Greek. I therefore began to furbish up my incipient classics and to learn all the other necessary numerous subjects as best I could, and, after six months' hard labor and wet towels, succeeded to my surprise in getting a First Class. I then went on to the first B.Sc., where at the first attempt I came down in zoölogy and botany, though the year following I got through easily in all subjects, taking first-class honors in physics.

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I was now allowed another winter in London in order to attend all-day laboratory work and classes, then beginning with the assistance of the Science and Art Department, for science-teachers, in the new Royal College of Science in Exhibition Road, South Kensington. On the ground floor was Professor Guthrie, in the middle was Professor Frankland, and on the top story Professor Huxley. I can never be too grateful to the Science and Art Department for making it possible for me to come under the influence of that great man, though it was only for a short time that I worked in his laboratory.

Not satisfied with work all day at South Kensington, I went to evening classes at King's College as well, attending mathematics, mechanics, physics, and other subjects, sometimes not taking my clothes off at night, so that I might be ready to begin early the next day.

After a further interval in Staffordshire, I was allowed under protest to enter University College, London, as a belated student, in order to study mathematics under Henrici and W. K. Clifford, and physics under Carey Foster, who became my patron and friend. My ambition was to go to Cambridge and take the mathematical tripos; but that ambition was never realized. I continued in University College for seven years, till at the age of thirty I was appointed a professor in Liverpool.

While at University College, however, and on a visit to Professor Minchin at Cooper's Hill, I came across a book of John Ruskin's. It was called *Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne*, being letters to a workingman of Sunderland. This book I read with absorbed interest, gradually going on to *Unto This Last*, *Sesame and Lilies*, and all his other writings that did not strictly deal with art. So that Ruskin became another hero. I must mention also Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, which had upon me an influence difficult to specify. It would be absurd to recall the miscellaneous books that I read apart from those on scientific subjects, but Charles Kingsley's writings were by no means without effect, and I was greatly interested in Plato's Dialogues (Jowett's translation), Scott, Meredith, George Eliot, Tennyson, and the other literature that everyone reads.

Looking, then, not so much at the books but at the men that have influenced me, I must specify Moorhouse, Tyndall, Huxley, Ruskin. But after all it seems to have been a book that had most influence upon me at the formative period of youth, and that book was undoubtedly Smiles's *Self-Help*. I found afterward that it was the fashion to sneer at Mr. Smiles, at the emphasis that he laid on pertinacious working in the midst of difficulties, and at his insistence on the strenuous effort that is necessary in order to achieve success; but for my part I can only say that I found this doctrine entirely wholesome and helpful.

In these more favored days, and during the present century, the opportunities for learning have been multiplied exceedingly. Classes are conducted in every town, local universities have sprung up, and I suppose that no one now has to go through the difficult unaided period of self-educative study that seemed inevitable in the fifties and sixties of last century, before the university movement, before even the science and art classes were established, and when mechanics' institutes were the only resort for studious youth. I trust that the leaders in these enterprises will realize the good they have done, and that the present comparative ease of attainment will not sap the energy of the coming generation.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MODERN TURKISH LITERATURE AND ART

POLITICAL independence, economic security, and the Westernization of manners are not the only objectives of the present Turkish régime. Whether the Ghazi himself — our old friend Mustapha Kemal Pasha — is personally responsible or not, it is reported from Angora that an official Academy of Letters is soon to be founded. Now an Academy is always an important milestone in the progress of a national culture, and, though its relation to the literary life may again and again be ambiguous, it cannot fail to have a solidifying and elevating effect on a national literature. As its French model did, the Turkish Academy will set to work at once on the task of establishing a purified standard of Turkish, freed from the remnant of exotic archaisms and circumlocutions that still make it an imperfect language for composition.

For it appears that Turkey is as little willing to fall behind the West in the matter of literature as in that of costume or of technology. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes that the Turks claim to have a modern literature superior to that of any country in the Balkans or the Middle East. 'Its writers are more numerous, their art more diversified, and the general development of literature more advanced.' That this claim is couched in relative terms is justified by the fact that during the last year only a little more than two thousand books of all kinds were published in Turkish, and a large proportion of these are technical and scholastic works and pamphlets. The number of purely literary volumes published is small enough, but greater, nevertheless, than the number of such books in other Balkan countries or than the number previously published in Turkey itself.

The development of a Turkish literature is being accelerated by the advance in literacy among the Turks. Three decades ago, we are told, members of the lower classes could never be seen reading — whereas now as many as thirty per cent of the working population of Constantinople are newspaper-readers. 'A Turkish *lustradji* will shine your shoes while his mate reads out the latest political leader stigmatizing the enemies of the Republic or lauding Mustapha Kemal Pasha. It is a new patriotic sport.' Indeed, it is in the press that the new generation of writers chiefly finds expression, since newspapers are as yet almost the only channels by which ideas and observations of life can be communicated to a reasonably large public.

'Though the political writing fostered by this kind of vigorous journalism remains the most popular, the newspapers also afford a daily field for dramatic sketches, essays, short stories, and translations from European literature. When modern Turkish literature began — say three generations ago — to make a deliberate effort to form itself, the dominant influence from which it had to be liberated was Persian, and particularly

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that of the Persian poets. For a long time it had shown no originality, and the pioneers — who founded a literary magazine to propagate and practise their new ideals of art — intentionally Europeanized it, taking the contemporary French writers, especially Victor Hugo and the elder Dumas, as their models. French literature has ever since remained the vivifying example, and when the Turkish theatre was born the translations of Shakespeare's plays were so execrably done that English literary influence has been nonexistent here. By now, however, it may be said that the imitative and apprentice stage is over. The new Turkish literature is a formed and adult creation, possessing novelists and poets capable of expressing the veritable soul of the nation, and expressing it, not as it was imagined by Pierre Loti, but as a Turk knows it.'

Turkish art is as new and tender a growth as Turkish literature, and steps are being taken by the Ghazi's Government to foster it. Several features of Turkish culture have hitherto made the practice of the fine arts difficult, or even impossible. One of these has been the prohibition of human statues in public places. When a statue of Kemal Pasha was unveiled recently in Constantinople, this check was effectually removed, and though the piece was executed by an Austrian sculptor, Heinrich Krippel, the impetus thus given to artistic activity will inevitably bear fruit in native work. The old religious ban on the use of nude models, moreover, acted as an impediment to the study of art on modern terms, and with the gradual recession of that prejudice there has been a corresponding expansion in the activity of the schools.

The art of painting has suffered from very similar causes. Portraiture has never been freely practised, because of the seclusion of women. 'Turkish women,' says the *Guardian* correspondent, 'are among the loveliest subjects in the world for a portrait painter — the face expressive with strange-contoured eyes, the flesh rich and delicately tinted, a luxurious feminine languor informing the most natural pose. But nervousness of the strict *haremlik* traditions until quite lately prevented them from sitting for their portraits, and so deprived the painter of a subject that might have given his brush an extra grace.' Another discouragement to painters has been the Turkish custom of decorating the interior of houses so fully and so successfully with wall hangings, wall carvings, and the like, that other objects of art were superfluous.

Both these obstacles to the development of painting have begun to go, and a fairly considerable group of Turkish painters are now actively engaged in laying the foundations for a national school. They are being abetted in a variety of ways by the Republican authorities. The Government art school has had an enrollment this year of two hundred and fifty Turkish students, and beginning in June its budget is to be doubled. Twenty-five students have been sent to Western schools since the proclamation of the Republic. Part of the old Palace residence of the Caliph is to be set aside as a national museum, and the Government has established the practice of purchasing for preservation here works hung at the annual salons. It would be surprising if as a result of such encouragement Turkish literature and art did not flourish like the bay tree.

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THE FORTUNES OF 'SAINT JOAN'

PROBABLY no play of the last decade has had a vogue of anything like the

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scope or the liveliness that Mr. Shaw's *Saint Joan* has enjoyed from the beginning. That it has already become a 'classic' of the English repertory is demonstrated by the fact that it has just been 'revived' — like *The Madras House*, or shall we say *Arden of Feversham!* — at the Lyceum, with Miss Sybil Thorndike in the leading rôle. Its revival by Max Reinhardt in Berlin has already been mentioned in these columns, and recent word from Paris is to the effect that *Sainte Jeanne* is again being played at the Théâtre des Arts — at the same time that *Le Disciple du Diable* is being played at the Odéon by M. Firmin Gémier's company.

The audiences who have had the most recent opportunity to see the play have been audiences in Madrid and Belgrade. The Spanish capital received it with favor, in spite of the uncertainty felt by its friends as to the reception it would be likely to have in the most Catholic capital of Europe. Perhaps the translation was a modified one, but in any case there is enough in the trial scene alone to engage the sympathies of any Catholic audience. Almost the opposite difficulty was confronted in the Serbian production, for the argumentation in that scene over the practices of the mediæval church was naturally Greek — or rather *not* Greek! — to the citizens of Belgrade. In spite of this, however, the scene is reported to have gone across with great effect, and the rest of the play to have been heartily enjoyed. The emphasis on national consciousness could not fail to please a people that is still in the stage of idealistic nationalism in which France and England were in the time of Joan.

Saint Joan is the fifth Shaw play to be given in Serbian. The others are *The Devil's Disciple*, *Pygmalion*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. *Arms and the Man*, which the Serbians might be expected to appreciate somewhat specially, has never been seen in Belgrade.

✽

TAINE TO ANATOLE FRANCE

EVERYONE knows that it was his whimsical and not wholly characteristic little book, *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, that won Anatole France his seat in the French Academy. It is either a fact or a legend that this was always a source of ironic satisfaction to the author of *Penguin Island* and *The Revolt of the Angels*. It must have been a source of something more than ironic satisfaction, however, for him to have received from Taine, the grand old man of French criticism, a letter recently published in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. Far as Anatole France's critical methods were from Taine's, he could scarcely have failed to be delighted by this kind of commendation: —

'Thank you for your kind gift; it is doubly welcome — for its own sake, and for the sake of the contrast it offers to the contemporary novel. The only objection I could make to it is that the two parts do not hold together very well. Everything else, on the grounds both of style and of invention, is charming, with an effect of great sweetness and nobility. The modest old philosopher, with his resignation, his contemplative habits, and his tenderness, is a poet without being aware of it. His long phrases, moderate and considered as they are, are the mirror of his soul. As a devoted friend of cats, I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the first two pages about Hamilcar; their touch of discreet irony puts them in the same class with the best pages of Cowper and Charles Lamb.

'Keep up this kind of work, and you will recompense us for the spectacle

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of so many contemporary talents led astray by the imitation of painting, by the taste for bad odors, by the vogue of popular or bourgeois platitudes — for the spectacle of so many writers who, on the pretext of telling the "naked truth," make us disgusted with life and horrified at literature.'

Will any bright little boy tell the class what authors the great critic here had in mind?

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RUMANIAN LETTERS

THE literary life in France is the scene of so many awards of prizes that a skeptic has recently raised the question how the members of the juries that award them — made up almost always of men of letters — find the time to do their own writing. A new prize just announced is the Jules Verne Prize, to be awarded in September for a novel of scientific adventure and to amount to five thousand francs. Rumania, like the other Balkan countries, is very much under French influence in literary matters and in this matter of prizes, as well as in others less tangible. The Society of Writers of Bucharest has just awarded its literary prizes for the current year, according to the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. The prize for the best novel has gone to a writer named Liviu Rebreanu, for a novel entitled *Adam and Eve* — 'one of a series of seven works in which the author proposes to present the whole spectacle of contemporary society.'

Under the presidency of M. Rebreanu, the Society of Writers recently organized a series of six literary soirées in Bucharest to which the public were invited and at which some of its member authors read from their works. This attempt at a rapprochement between writers and readers was met with great enthusiasm. Readings and lectures, indeed, are said to be extremely popular in Bucharest just now. Another group, under the name 'Poesis,' recently organized a series of lectures on modern French poetry, at the first of which M. Lucien Fabre, the author of *Rabevel*, was a speaker. The great daily, *Universul*, tries to keep its readers informed of current French literature by printing serialized French novels, such as Radiguet's *Bal du Comte d'Orgel* and H. Beraud's *Ce que j'ai vu à Moscou*.

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A NEW PLAY BY CLEMENCE DANE

Legend, Clemence Dane's very original novel about the posthumous reputation of a literary woman, has just been translated into French and received with enough favor and interest by French critics to suggest the prediction that its author will soon join the ranks of the English novelists who have large Continental followings. A new play by Miss Dane, dealing with Lundy Island and entitled *Granite*, is announced for production in June, with Miss Sybil Thorndike in the leading rôle. The actress expressed to a *Westminster Gazette* reporter her pleasure in the prospect of playing a part less emotionally exacting than those of Saint Joan and Queen Katherine. 'Although this play has a tragic aspect,' she said, 'it has not the same tragedy as the fate of those two unfortunate women. There is a certain amount of mysticism in the play, which I have had in hand for about a year. It is a period drama of about a century ago. I believe the plot arose out of some old legends of the island. The theme deals with an evil spirit that rises out of the sea.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Zur Psychologie des Sozialismus, by Hendrik de Man. Jena, Germany: Eugen Diederichs Verlag. 17 marks.

ONE day last September a gentleman called on me at Jena and offered me a manuscript, saying that I was the only publisher in Europe through whom he could speak to the whole world. His frank, open countenance showed that he did not mean this as mere flattery. I had to tell him that I had accepted no new manuscripts since last July, and must stick to a resolution I had then made. Still, I was glad to talk with him about conditions in Flemish Belgium, his war experiences in fighting Germany, and his opinions on international Socialism. This led to several hours' conversation, during which I got more insight into his mind. He knew the Socialist movements of almost the whole world from personal contact. He was at home in every European culture, even that of Russia. Three years ago he resigned all his Party connections, and since then had been residing quietly in Darmstadt. Meanwhile I had given the manuscript to my reader to glance over, and before we parted I had the latter's opinion: 'This critique of Marxian Socialism has the absorbing interest of a romance, for it is born of a man's personal experience.'

[*Westfälische Allgemeine Volkszeitung*]

WE have read this book with growing pleasure, and believe that no other discussion of Socialism so stimulating and so important has appeared since Bernstein's *Premises of Socialism.*

[*Freie Sozialistische Jugend*]

THIS is a book of which we shall hear much. . . . Parties of the Right and of the Left will fight over it, will praise it, and will condemn it. But one thing they cannot do — that is, ignore it.

[*Münchner Post*]

A FEW weeks ago the Belgian Socialist and trade-union leader, Hendrik de Man, sprang courageously into the arena for a joust against Karl Marx. We consider his book the outstanding product of the new movement in social thought. It is in the highest degree a record of personal experience. This Belgian leader went through a bitter battle in his own mind and conscience before he wrote it.

Lodgers in London, by Adelaide Eden Phillpotts London: Thornton Butterworth; Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.00.

[Edwin Muir in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Lodgers in London is a very remarkable novel. The framework of the story is exceptionally simple and effective. Miss Phillpotts brings together the people who live in a shabby Bloomsbury lodging house, and the drama is there to her hand. The unit is small, but it contains sufficient diversity to serve as a symbol for the world in which we live. But what distinguishes the author chiefly is her extraordinarily true sense of character. Characters in the ordinary sense of the term she does not construct at all; her figures have hardly a touch to make them easily recognizable; it would be impossible to say of any of them, 'I have met a score of people like that.' They are strangely, almost stubbornly, individual. There is, we feel, only one Mr. Cole, one Nancy, one Mr. Tibby, in the world; but when we close the book we know them, we understand them, we accept them, obstinately foreign as they are — and as every true individual is — to our real wishes. Miss Phillpotts gives us the shock that genuine imagination always gives; we do not fit her characters comfortably into compartments of our memory that hold a host of others sufficiently like them; they win an entrance for themselves, and, accepted, they remain stubbornly in the independence that we accord only to real beings. It is this touch of a reality more intense than the reality of the good contemporary novel that makes *Lodgers in London* so remarkable.

Miss Phillpotts is not equally successful with all her characters. The Jesuit candidate is not quite credible on the whole, though quite honestly drawn; the dancer Carlota is a little too vague in outline, though everything we are told about her is told truly. But Mr. Cole, the broken-down artist, is a wonderfully true portrait; and more wonderful still is Nancy, the girl of twelve whose partnership with him is so incredible at first, and yet so incontestable, so inevitable. To draw convincingly a girl of that age, a girl who has passed the fascinating period of childhood and has not reached adolescence, was obviously very difficult; but one can only say that Miss Phillpotts's portrait is brilliant. Nancy's unaccountable passion of love for the ugly, taciturn, and shabby old man, her trip to the country with him, her passionate avowals of

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affection, her wanderings about London to find him — all this has a strange intensity, an incontestable truth.

In the matter of writing and in treatment generally the author is sometimes amateurish; Mr. Tibby's insanity and his masterpiece of sculpture are alike unbelievable, and Mr. Cole is more lightly let off than we feel he would have been in real life. But these are open faults that a writer of Miss Phillpotts's powers is bound with greater experience to remedy. By the intensity and exactitude of its imagination the book belongs to a class definitely more serious than the serious contemporary novel.

Education and the Good Life, by Bertrand Russell. London: Allen and Unwin; New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Mr. Bertrand Russell approaches this subject, not as a politician, but rather in the capacity of a parent who is watching with pleasure and concern the growth of his own two young children. In discussing the possibilities of the human mind he rises above the sphere where controversies are inevitable, for, as it happens in all great matters, where we touch the elemental principles of life our prejudices and our dogmas only color, they do not alter, the nature of the conditions. As the author rightly remarks, the pacifist will not wish his children to be brought up in an atmosphere that the militarist has inherited, nor will the individualist desire the same teaching as the Communist, but those who have developed systems of education which subordinate the interest of the child to the dominant needs of a church or a State have, like the Jesuits, in the end come to grief. The real cleavage is between those who desire a particular definite belief taught rather than a training in the ability to reflect and form independent judgments. The author has opened an interesting discussion on the difference between aristocratic and democratic ideals in education, and believes himself that those methods which can be successfully applied in teaching the mass are the ones that will be found to stand all tests. He brings the illustrations for this argument from the practice of East and West, as well as from the educational classics. He draws our attention to the pernicious effects upon the child of the subjection of women in the past, for women have the children beside them in the most formative years of life.

Mr. Russell is optimistic, indeed, as to the value of modern methods. He feels that we have now available enough knowledge to bring about a revolution in the world's affairs were we able to classify it and make use of it. We have to arm for the spiritual warfare against the inheritance of ancient fears, as we have armed in the past against our neighbors. 'Health, freedom, happiness, kindness, intelligence' — these Mr. Russell expects to be the outcome of our discoveries in the science of teaching. There is the possibility, on the other hand, that with the improvement in the technique we may have the greater power to injure our pupils, if we should forget that we do not live by bread alone, or if, having freedom, as Mazzini so wisely said, we know not to what ends to use it.

This book is full of good things, as we should expect from so eminent an author and courageous a thinker.

Authors Dead and Living, by F. L. Lucas. London: Chatto and Windus. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

The pessimist would have us believe that most of the literature of our own day is vastly inferior to the literature of our father's; but there can at any rate be no reasonable question that the journeyman work of criticism was never better done than it is at the present time. Some of the daily papers and most of the weeklies make a feature of critical articles of an individuality and vigor that can hold their own with the periodical output of any era; and the variety of the judgments offered is as striking as their force. The present volume is a case in point. Mr. F. L. Lucas's critical essays here collected were originally contributed to a weekly paper, and have received but little revision since their first appearance. They are in the nature of fugitive reviews, written for the service of the hour; yet it is not too much to say that there is not one of them that does not contain some lively judgment or some illuminating phrase that lifts the essay to the level of literature. The range of subjects is wide, from Ovid to Mr. John Masefield, from Donne to Flecker, and from Henry Vaughan to Mr. Humbert Wolfe. Mr. Lucas, while his standards are founded upon a solid basis of taste and scholarship, displays a searching curiosity into the newest experiments, and never leaves an innovation untested because of any critical repulsion to the elements of novelty or revolt. It might conceivably be objected that some of the estimates are rather brief; but brevity is often the soul of effect, and certainly not one of the articles is so short as to fail to register a definite and individual judgment. If the reader wants to see Mr. Lucas's talent extended he will find in the essay called 'The Progress of Poetry' a searching study of modern tendencies, set in their proper relation to permanent standards, that will abundantly confirm the writer's position among the finest critical intellects of the day.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Dostoevsky, by André Gide. Translated from the French, with an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

THE reader should be forewarned of one external drawback that may interfere with an harmonious impression from the book as a whole: the volume consists chiefly of addresses delivered by M. Gide at different times, and in which he frequently repeats quotations and arguments already used. But this does not detract from the real value of the book. M. Gide goes to such depths in plumbing the great writer that repetition may even be useful. He credits his reader with a genuine desire to understand the deepest-hidden and most elemental foundations of Dostoevsky's work. To such a reader the book will be of great help, but not to those readers who wish to gain an indirect general acquaintance with Dostoevsky's works and stop there. A fascinating comparative study of the man and the writer in Dostoevsky is made — the kind of study so essential in discussing a writer who, although he produced absorbing novels and not sermons, is no more closely akin to authors of 'interesting fiction' than was St. John Chrysostom. But as a general description this work seems to fail in some respects. M. Gide is more austere and sombre than Dostoevsky himself; and he has not paid just tribute to the great lucidity and sweetness of some characters that make the ordeal of reading Dostoevsky a somewhat more joyous revelation than M. Gide permits us to understand.

Poetry and Criticism, by Edith Sitwell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

THE thesis of this small volume is that many critics and reviewers have historically come to grief in their efforts to evaluate their poetical contemporaries, and that therefore Miss Sitwell and her brothers do not intend to take too much to heart the harsh language of Messrs. Squire, Lynd, and Shanks. It is easy to rejoice in Miss Sitwell's thrusts at these somewhat secondary gentlemen — easier than to feel that she has made out the best possible case for her stiff and 'conceited' poetry by harking back to Keats, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. A reader of that poetry, however, cannot fail to be interested in her exegesis of one of her own lyrics, or relieved to find that as to one of its couplets she can say that it 'is obviously a joke, and a joke may be permitted even to a poet.' *Poetry and Criticism* is perhaps not a joke of the first water, but it is better than many.

Contemporary Russian Literature, by Prince D. S. Mirsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00.

AN account of modern Russian literature written by a former officer in Denikin's White Army is of course bound to be colored by the author's political sympathies, and the subject is one in which political sympathies are less irrelevant than they frequently are in literary histories. With this reservation, — which each reader can make for himself: *caveat emptor!* — Prince Mirsky's volume is of extraordinary value and interest. His knowledge of Russian literature is that of a scholar, and he handles his material the more nimbly for having a remarkable general knowledge of all European literatures. Beginning with the period of Tolstoi's activity after 1880, Prince Mirsky traces the movement of Russian literature to the present moment with adequate emphasis on the historical facts — 'tendencies,' 'influences,' 'schools,' and so on — but without falling into the common vice of sacrificing individual writers to these secondary considerations. Such a section as that on Chekhov is an admirable example of the kind of criticism that shows a figure in all the lights that can fall upon him. Too much Western criticism of Russian writers has to be two-dimensional.

A History of England, by Hilaire Belloc. Volume I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925. $3.75.

IT is not the function of these columns to find fault gratuitously, but when a man of Belloc's reputation puts out a book like this one we find it hard to applaud. The style is beguilingly simple, when one considers the 'presence of general theses' which lead the author to deny, for instance, that there ever was an Anglo-Saxon Conquest. There were pirate raids, comparable to the later Danish attacks, that imposed on parts of the coast a popular Germanic speech, now called Anglo-Saxon, which was really in large part debased Latin. It is curious that expert philologists have passed over this fact so lightly.

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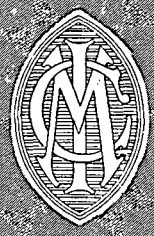

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Leaders Write Scribner's Magazine

FROM many fields they come. In many ways they lead. But they all appear in the May Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., of the Court of General Sessions, New York City, engaged 23 years in the administration of justice, lifts his authoritative voice against sentimental reformers, abuses of parole, weak law enforcement, in a terse, hard-hitting article "Coddling Criminals."

* * *

Caroline Singer tells for the first time the dramatic story of the rise of Seijo Takeuchi from kitchen boy to the peak of new Japanese art. It is a tale of achievement the like of which fiction does not contain.

The first sketch of Seijo ever made by other than a Japanese artist illustrates the story, as do examples of Seijo's work.

* * *

Robert A. Millikan, who has been crowding crime and politics off the first pages of newspapers by stories of his scientific discoveries, tells for the first time in a non-technical way about "The Stripped Atom."

* * *

John Galsworthy, master of fiction, contributes most vivid and exciting chapters of his new novel "The Silver Spoon."

* * *

Will James, the chief interpreter of the cowboy, noted for his action pictures of horses and men and his colorful prose, tells the story of "Smoky, A One-Man Horse, at Work."

* * *

Will Rose's "small-town" sketches have been hailed by city and country alike, and called by many the best interpretation of small communities. "Small-Town Gastronomy" appears in the May Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

William Lyon Phelps, the country's most popular literary critic, relates his adventures with a bootlegger, selects the four best recent books on the Christian religion, expresses frank opinions of intercollegiate athletics and of censorship, and discusses numerous books in his "As I Like It."

* * *

Alexander Dana Noyes, expert economist, notes the downward trend of prices, contrary to predictions, and discusses reasons therefor.

* * *

Royal Cortissoz, dean of American art critics, talks of the soul of Spain in Spanish art and comments on the Billings and Leverhulme sales.

* * *

Stella Beehler Ruddock, wife of a naval officer, writes of the way of the sea with a man.

* * *

Leonard Cline and Leigh Morton contribute excellent stories.

* * *

W. J. Aylward, official artist of the A. E. F., whose pictures of French ports were hung in the Paris Salon, contributes sketches of these ports.

* * *

Scribner's Magazine is read as well as written by leaders of American thought. Come on in, the reading's fine.

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